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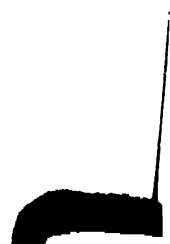
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Rev. W. P. Balfern.
Rev. Hyde W. Beadon, A.M.
Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M.A.
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Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

— 0 —

PRAISE OF GOD.

1 L.M.
ALL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed;
 Without our aid He did us make;
 We are His flock, He doth us feed;
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.
W. KETHE (?)

2 8.7.8.8.7

ANGELS holy,
 High and lowly,
 Sing the praises of the Lord!
 Earth and sky, all living nature,
 Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon bright,
 Night and noonlight,
 Starry temples azure-floored;
 Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
 Sons of God that shout for gladness,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
 Tell His glory,
 Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
 Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
 Wave advancing, wave retreating,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land,
 Wood and island,
 Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared;
 Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
 Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Rolling river,
 Praise Him ever,
 From the mountain's deep vein poured;
 Silver fountains, clearly gushing,
 Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6 Bond and free man,
 Land and sea man,
 Earth, with peoples widely stored,
 Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
 Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

7 Praise Him ever,
 Bounteous Giver;
 Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
 Each glad soul its free course winging,
 Each glad voice its free song singing,
 Praise the great and mighty Lord!
J. S. BLACKIE.

3 L.M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and formed us men;
 And when like wandering sheep we
 strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care;
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
 songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand
 tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
 praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
 Vast as eternity Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.
WATTS.*

4 78.

COME, O come, in pious lays,
 Sound we God Almighty's praise;
 Come, ye sons of human race,
 In this chorus take your place;
 And, amid the mortal throng,
 Be you masters of the song.

2 Angels and supernal powers,
 Be the noblest worship ours;
 Let, in praise of God, the sound
 Run a never-ending round;
 That our song of praise may be
 Everlasting, as is He.
1

PRAISE.

- 3 From the earth's remotest end,
Let the voice of praise ascend;
Spreading wide from shore to shore,
Let the ocean-fulness roar;
Winds and clouds, as on ye move,
Bear the mighty sound above.
- 4 So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth His blessings pour;
And this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir—one temple—be;
Then, O come, in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise.

G. WITHER.*

5

L.M.

- G**IVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of Lords renown;
The King of Kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When lords and kings are known no
- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no
more.
- 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world He guides our
feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

WATTS.

6

78.

- G**OD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend,
Unto earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

H. F. LYTE.

7

78.

HALLELUJAH! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise;
All His servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

- 2 Blessèd be for evermore
That dread name which we adore;
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?
- 4 Yet to view the heavens He bends;
Yea, to earth He condescends;
P'assing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower,
Set the meanest high in power.
- 6 He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of His ways;
Praise His name—for ever praise.

J. CONDER.

8

78.

- H**EAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
Still their Maker's praise declare;
Thou, my soul, as loudly sing,
To thy God thy praises bring.
- 2 See the sun his power awakes,
As through clouds his glory breaks;
See the moon and stars of light
Praising God in stillest night.
- 3 See how God this rolling globe
Swathes with beauty like a robe;
Forests, fields, and living things,
Each its Maker's glory sings.
- 4 Through the air Thy praises meet
Birds are singing clear and sweet;
Fire, and storm, and wind, Thy will
As Thy ministers fulfil.
- 5 Ocean waves Thy glory tell,
At Thy touch they sink and swell;
From the well-spring to the sea,
Rivers murmur, Lord, of Thee.
- 6 Ah! my God, what wonders lie
Hid in Thine infinity!
Stamp upon my inmost heart
What I am, and what Thou art.

J. NEANDER, *trans.* J. D. BURNS.*

9

78.

- H**OLY, Holy, Holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious name adored;
Lord! Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord! Thine ear,
Yet our hallelujahs hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.
- 4 Then no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
And through heaven's all-spacious round
Praise to Thee shall ever sound.

PRAISE.

5 Lord! Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious name adored.

B. WILLIAMS.

10

11.12.12.10.

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Gratefully adoring, our song shall rise
to Thee;

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty;
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore
Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down
before Thee,

Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness
hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see;

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside
Thee

Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name,
in earth and sky and sea;

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

R. HEBER.*

11

78. double.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,

Out of darkness, at Thy word,

Issued into glorious birth,

All Thy works before Thee stood,

And Thine eyes beheld them good;

While they sang, with sweet accord,

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee
One Jehovah evermore,

Father, Son, and Spirit, we,

Dust and ashes, would adore;

Lightly by the world esteemed;

From that world by Thee redeemed,

Sing we here, with glad accord,

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing;

When the ransomed nations fall

At the footstool of their King,

Then shall saints and seraphim,

Harp and voices swell one hymn,

Round the throne with full accord—

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

J. MONTGOMERY.

12

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

LET all men praise the Lord,

In worship lowly bending,

On His most holy word,

Redeemed from woe, depending.

He gracious is, and just;

From childhood us doth lead;

In Him we place our trust

And hope, in time of need.

2 O may this bounteous God,
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us.

O may He, by His grace,

With ceaseless care sustain

Us, whom He hath redeemed

From want, and woe, and pain.

3 Glory and praise to God—

To Father, Son, be given,

And to the Holy Ghost,

On high enthroned in Heaven.

Praise to the Triune God;

With powerful arm and strong.

He changeth night to day;

Praise Him with grateful song

M. BINKERT.

13

LET us, with a gladsome mind, 78.

Praise the Lord, for He is kind;

For His mercies shall endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;

For His mercies shall endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run;

For His mercies shall endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed:

His full hand supplies their need;

For His mercies shall endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;

For His mercies shall endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He bath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;

For His mercies shall endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,

Praise the Lord, for He is kind;

For His mercies shall endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure.

MILTON.

14

C.M.

LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,

My King, my God of love;

My work and joy shall be the same

In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,

And let His praise be great;

I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,

Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,

And while my lips rejoice,

The men that hear my sacred song

Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,

And children learn Thy ways;

Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,

And nations sound Thy praise.

3

PRAISE.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is governed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

WATTS.

15

76.76.777.6.

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our Heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine!

2 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love.
Thee they sing with glory crowned;
We extol the dying Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our song is still the same.

3 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify.
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven!

WESLEY.

16

8.7.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless
Thee,
May an infant lip Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme!

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

4 For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blesséd be Thy gentle reign!

5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die;

7 *From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives;—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.*

4

8 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

R. ROBINSON.

17

L.M.

MY God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of Thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

WATTS.

18

S.M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

WATTS.

PRAISE.

19

O BLESS the Lord, my soul S.M.
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 **O** bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest.
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

WATTS.

20

O GIVE thanks to Him who made 78.
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 **O** give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing;
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame;
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal mind!

3 **O** give thanks with heart and lip
For we are His workmanship;
And all creatures are His care;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 **O** give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

J. CONDER.

21

O THOU, to whom in ancient time L.M.
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue;

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well;

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the
knee;

And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

5 Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung!
To Thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

J. PIERPONT.

22

O WORSHIP the King, 10. 10. 11. 11.
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 **O** tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath establish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 **O** measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

R. GRANT.

23

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty 12. 10. 12. 26.
of holiness! (proclamation)
Bow down before Him, His glory
With gold of obedience, and incense
of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is
His Name!

PRAISE.

- 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of
carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it
for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy
prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for
thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the
slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst
reckon as thine:
Truth in its beauty, and love in its
tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on
His shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trem-
bling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that
is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of
tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope
for our fear.
- 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of
holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory
proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of
lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the LORD is
His Name!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

24

87.87.47.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing!
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!
- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!
- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

H. F. LYTE.

25

8.7.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens,
adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

6

- 2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.
- 3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify His Name!

KEMP THORNE (?)

26

8.7. double.

PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail! the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine!

- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high;
Joyfully on earth adore Him.
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

J. FAWCETT.

27

11.10.11.10.

PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord
most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with
strength the weak;

- Praise Him who will with glory crown
the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.
- 2 Praise ye Jehovah! for His loving-kind-
ness [shown];
And all the tender mercy He hath
Who pardons sin, and cures the spirit's
blindness, [own].
Who calls us sons, and seals us for His
- 3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of every
blessing,
Before whose gifts earth's richest boons
are dim;
- He gave His Son, and life in Him pos-
sessed, [Him].
All things are ours, for we have all in
- 4 Praise ye Jehovah! who so freely gave us
His gift unspeakable, His only Son;
Praise ye the Lamb! who gave Himself
to save us;
And sends the unction from the Holy
One.

M. C. CAMPBELL.

28

C.M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal quire,
In heavenly heights above,
With harp, and voice, and souls of fire,
Burning with perfect love.

PRAISE.

- 2 Shine to His glory, worlds of light!
Ye million suns of space,
Fair moons and glittering stars of night,
Running your mystic race.
- 3 Ye gorgeous clouds that deck the sky
With crystal, crimson, gold;
And rainbow arches raised on high,
The Light of Light unfold.
- 4 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail and snow,
Wild winds that keep His word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.
- 5 His Name, ye forests, wave along;
Whisper it, every flower;
Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the song,
That tells His love and power.
- 6 And round the wide world let it roll,
Whilst man shall lead it on;
Join, every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison!
- 7 Come, aged man! come, little child!
Youth, maiden, peasant, king,
To God in Jesus reconciled,
Your hallelujahs bring.
- 8 The all-creating Deity!
Maker of earth and heaven!
The great Redeeming Majesty,
To Him the praise be given!
- G. RAWSON.

29

- R**OUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"
- 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing.
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"
- 3 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"
- R. MANT.

30

- 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.
- S**ING praise to God Who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills;
To God all praise and glory!

- 2 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might
Lo! all is just, and all is right;
To God all praise and glory!
- 3 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace, and joy, and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band;
To God all praise and glory!
- 4 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart,
Both soul and body bear your part;
To God all praise and glory!
- J. J. SCHÜTZ, *trans.* F. E. COX.

31

- L.M.
- S**ING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.
- 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for It is fair.
- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do;
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for It is true.
- 4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for It is joy.
- 5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die;
- 6 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.
- J. S. B. MONSELL.

32

- 78.
- S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun;
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 7

PRAISE.

- 5 Saints below with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
J. MONTGOMERY.

33

S. M.

- S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify!
- 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.
J. MONTGOMERY.

34

6.8.4.

- T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above:
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blessed.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I'd all on earth forsake,—
Its wisdom, fame, and power!
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways:
He calls a worm His friend;
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend:
*I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:*
s

I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore;
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

- 5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail! Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays:
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise!
T. OLIVERS.

35

L. M.

- T**HE Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King; who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 Hereigns! ye saints, exalt your strains:
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side—
The Man of love, the Crucified.
- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens
known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 6 O! when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King."
J. CONDER.

36

L. M.

- W**E praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound
a-roud;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee, the great Jehovah, own.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy Name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven
Eternal praise to Thee is given.
- 3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored:
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.
- 4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs bear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.
- 5 Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore
AMBROSE, trans. ANON.

37

6.5.6.5.

- WITH gladness we worship,
 Rejoice as we sing,
 Free hearts and free voices
 How blessed to bring.
 The old thankful story
 Shall reach Thine abode,
 Thou King of all glory,
 Most bountiful God!
- 2 Thy right would we give Thee,
 True homage Thy due.
 And honour eternal,
 The universe through:
 With all Thy creation,
 Earth, heaven, and sea,
 In one acclamation
 We celebrate Thee.
- 3 Renewed by Thy Spirit,
 Redeemed by Thy Son,
 Thy children revere Thee
 For all Thou hast done.
 O Father! returning
 To love and to light,
 Thy children are yearning
 To praise Thee aright.
- 4 Our souls mount aspiring
 To reach the Divins;
 Partaking Thy nature—
 In Christ—even Thine!
 Ascending and soaring,
 With Him in accord,
 We triumph adoring,
 We joy in the Lord.
- 5 We join with the angels,
 And so there is given,
 From earth, Hallelujah!
 In answer to heaven.
 Amen! be Thou glorious
 Below and above,
 Redeeming, victorious,
 And Infinite Love!

G. RAWSON.

38

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- YE of the Father loved,
 Ye of the Saviour sought,
 Whose sins He hath removed,
 Whose raiment He hath wrought;
 Ye who have known
 The Spirit's might;
 On whom hath shone
 The Spirit's light!
- 2 Ye people of the Lord
 Who in His love abide;
 Your treasure do not hoard,
 Your gladness do not hide!
 Together bring
 Your costly store!
 Together sing!
 Together soar!
- 3 Glad heart, repeat to heart
 The story of thy peace:
 Each dear delight impart!
 Each dear delight increase!
 Thy foes o'erthrown,
 Thy sins forgiven,
 Thy darkness gone,
 Thy fetters riven!

- 4 Tell of that saving hour;
 Tell of His smiling face!
 Tell of His quickening power;
 Tell of His strengthening grace!
 Souls loved so well,
 Come near! Come near!
 O hear and tell!
 O tell and hear!
- 5 In linkèd praise and prayer
 Your heaven on earth begin;
 Together glimpses fair
 Of hastening glory win;
 From strength to strength
 Together go!
 In heaven at length
 Together glow!
- 6 With all the heirs of grace
 There speak the saving Name;
 With all the ransomed race
 Give glory to the Lamb!
 Your King of light
 Together see,
 In all His might
 And majesty!

T. H. GILL.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

ETERNITY.

39

L.M.

- ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve, their little rounds!
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face beneath his wings;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too;
 From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High
- 4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
 And we have learnt to lip Thy name;
 But, O, the glories of Thy mind,
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below;
 Be short our tunes, our words be few;
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

WATTS.*

40

L.M.

- GREAT Former of this various frame,
 Our souls adore Thine awful name,
 And bow and tremble while they praise
 The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Before Thine infinite survey,
 Creation rose as yesterday;
 And, as to-morrow, shall Thine eye
 See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond the highest angel's sight,
 Thou dwellest in eternal light,
 Which shines with undiminished ray,
 While suns and systems waste away.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun ;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies ;—
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see ;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

DODDRIDGE.*

41

C.M.

- OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

WATTS.

42

C.M.

- THROUGH endless years Thou art the
O Thou eternal God! [same,
Ages to come shall know Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by Thee were laid,
By Thee the beauteous arch of heaven,
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by Thy powerful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
And changed at Thy command.
- 4 But Thy eternal state, O Lord !
No length of time shall waste ;
Thy power and goodness, truth and
From age to age shall last. [grace,
- 5 Thou to the children of Thy saints
Shalt endless blessings give ;
*They in their fathers' God shall trust,
And in Thy presence live.*

TATE AND BRADY.*

OMNIPRESENCE AND
OMNISCIENCE.

43

C.M.

- BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh :
- 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain ;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;
Thy path, the trackless main.
- 3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim ;
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways ;
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.
- 4 We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey Thy dread control ;
Yet still Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere ?
- 5 O ! not in circling depth or height,
But in the contrite breast ;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest.
O come, Thou Presence infinite !
And make Thy creature blest.

J. CONDER.

44

L.M.

- FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy
love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear—Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with
Thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought ;
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

J. BOWRING.

45

7s.

- GOD is here—how sweet the sound !
All I feel, and all I see,—
Nature teems—above—around,
With the present Deity.
- 2 Is there danger? Void of fear,
Though the death-winged arrows fly,
I can answer,—God is here :
I am safe beneath His eye !

UNSEARCHABLENESS.

3 When I pray, He hears my prayer;
When I weep, He sees my grief;
If I wander, He is there,
Ready to afford relief.

4 Could I for a moment deem
God is not in all I see,
O! how dreadful were the dream
Of a world devoid of Thee!

5 But, since Thou art ever near,
Ruling all that falls to me,
I can smile at pain or care,
Since it comes in love from Thee.

J. EDMESTON.

46

L.M.

LORD, Thou hast searched and seen
me through,
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

WATTS.

UNSEARCHABLENESS.

47

L.M.

LORD, my weak thought in vain
would climb
To search the stary vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's utmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove,
To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

RAY PALMER.

48

L.M.

No human eyes Thy face may see;
No human thought Thy form may
know;

But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow.

2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught,
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

3 And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind;
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind;

4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.

5 So though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak, and Know-
ledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to Thee.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

49

L.M.

OHEIGHT that doth all height excel,
Where the Almighty doth abide!
O awful depth unsearchable,
Wherein the Eternal One doth hide!

2 O dreadful glory, that doth make
Thick darkness round the heavenly
throne,

Through which no angel eye may break,
Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone!

3 Our fainting souls the quest give o'er,
Their weary wings no longer try;
His dwelling we may not explore,
We may not on His glory pry.

4 Vain searchers! but we need not mourn;
We need not stretch our weary wings;
Thou meetest us where'er we turn;
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright
things.

5 The glory no man may abide
Doth visit us, a gracious guest:
Thou whom "excess of light" doth hide
Here shinest, sweetly manifest.

6 To us, vain searchers after God,
To us, the Holy Ghost doth come;
From us Thou hidest Thine abode;
But Thou wilt make our souls Thy home.

7 O Glory that no eye may bear!
O Presence bright, our souls' sweet
Guest!
O farthest off! O ever near!
Most hidden and most manifest!

T. H. GILL.

POWER.

50

L.M.

O God! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 2 Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.
- 3 All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—
- 4 All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.
- 5 O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

F. W. FABER.

GREATNESS AND CONDESCENSION.

51

L.M.

- LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above, [love,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy loving altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

O. W. HOLMES.

52

C.M.

- MOST ancient of all mysteries,
Before Thy throne we lie;
Eternal Wisdom, Light, and Love!
Most holy Trinity!
- 2 How wonderful creation is,
Thy work, which Thou didst bless;
'Tis but the hiding of Thy power,
Divine Almightiness.
- 3 How beautiful Thine angels are!
Thy saints, in radiant dress,
They're but the shadow of Thy light,
Eternal loveliness!
- 4 Infinite Goodness! Thou art dear
To Thy poor creature's heart;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art.
- 5 We look up in our littleness
To Thy majestic state;
Our comfort is Thou art so good,
And that Thou art so great.
- 6 O Glorious in Thy Holiness,
Our souls to Thee would fly;
Inspire us now with fear and love,
Our God to sanctify.

F. W. FABER.*

18

53

C.M.

- MY God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy Majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incidentally adored!
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
- 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.
- 6 Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

F. W. FABER.

54

L.M.

- UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large His bounties are.
- 2 God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth He casts His eyes,
And bends His footsteps downward too.
- 3 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows His counsels and His cares.
- 4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.
- 5 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps Thy praise!

WATTS.

HOLINESS.

55

8.6.8.8.6.

- FETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee!
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

UNCHANGABLENESS AND FAITHFULNESS.

- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above;
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love!

T. BINNEY.

56

C.M.

O GOD, enshrined in dazzling light
Above the highest sphere,
My soul is filled with awe to feel
That Thou art present here.

- 2 Thine eye is as a lamp of fire,
And in its searching flame
I see myself, all stained with sin,
And bow my head with shame.
- 3 But, O my God, Thy Son hath died!
And from the dust I rise,
And from myself and all my sin
To Thee I lift mine eyes.
- 4 My sins are dark, but over all
Thy burning love I see;
And all my soul is full of praise,
And worships only Thee.

W. W. HOW.

UNCHANGABLENESS AND
FAITHFULNESS.

57

C.M.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

WATTS.

58

C.M.

FAITHFUL, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love:

- 2 Throughout the universe it reigns
Unalterably sure,
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

- 3 Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 4 Thy goodness and Thy truth, to me,
To every soul abound,
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 5 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So piteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

WESLEY.*

59

D. L.M.

- J**EHOVAH, evermore the same,
Unchanging and unchanged art; Thou;
And while Thy creatures wax and wane,
In Thee there is no ebb or flow
Systems may rise and fade away,
And nature weaken in her frame,
Within Thyself there's no decay,
For evermore "Thou art the same."
- 2 Nor would we have Thee change, O Lord,
For kinder never couldst Thou be,
Thy love is one great golden cord
Binding the universe to Thee.
Ere earth was made or time began,
Or Christ of human flesh became,
Thy love went forth on guilty man,
For evermore "Thou art the same."

- 3 There's naught on earth that does not
change:
All things are shifting on the stream,
Whatever comes within our range
Seems just as fleeting as a dream.
There is no rest but in Thy Word,
No settled hope but in Thy Name;
Root Thou our souls in Thee, O Lord,
For "Thou art" evermore "the same."

D. THOMAS.

60

886.886.

LORD God, by whom all change is
wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known!
Whate'er Thou doest, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part!
Still, still Thou art our own.

- 2 Ancient of Days! we dwell in Thee;
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, who changeest not.
- 3 Each steadfast promise we possess;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love;
The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
Nor from the Refuge move.
- 4 Spirit who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
Nearth Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

T. M. GILL.

LOVE AND GOODNESS.

61

- FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise!
- 2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise!
- 3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise!
- 4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and Divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise!
- 5 For Thy church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise!

F. S. PIERPOINT.

62

- GOD is love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom! God is love!
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom! God is love!
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom! God is love!
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom! God is love!

J. BOWRING.

63

- GOD is love—the heavens tell it
Through their glorious orbs of light,
In that glad and golden language
Speaking to us, day and night,
Their great story,
God is love, and God is might!
- 2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above;
With ten thousand thousand voices,
Telling back from hill and grove,
Her glad story,
God is might, and God is love!

14

75.

- 3 With these anthems of creation
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story,
God is love, and God is life!
- 4 Through that precious love He sought us,
Wandering from His holy ways;
With that precious life He bought us;
Then let all our future days
Tell this story:—
Love our life, our life be praise!
- 5 Gladsome is the theme, and glorious,
Praise to Christ, our gracious Head;
Christ, the risen Christ, victorious,
Death and hell hath captive led!
Welcome story,
Love is life, and death is dead!
- 6 Up to Him let each affection
Dally rise, and round Him move;
Our whole lives one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Their glad story,
God is life, and God is love!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

64

8.8.8.4.

- LET every voice for praise awake;
Let every heart the joy partake;
And with this truth sweet music make.
Our God is love!
- 2 Uncounted gifts, from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way,
Through His dear Son, bid each to say,
Our God is love!
- 3 How strong these words from heaven
to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear!
Our God is love!
- 4 O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody,
Our God is love!
- 5 Then, when the brief, low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore,
Our God is love!

T. DAVIS.

65

7.6. double

- MY song shall be of mercy:
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful word;
Tell out His words with gladness,
With me exalt His name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.
- 2 My song shall be of judgment;
Ye who His chastenings feel,
O faint not, nor be weary!
He wounds that He may heal;
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness.

3 Of mercy and of judgment
To Thee, O Lord, we sing;
O Father, Son, and Spirit!
O great eternal King!
For only Thou art holy,
For Thou art Lord alone;
And mercy still and judgment
Are pillars of Thy throne.

H. DOWNTON.

66

S.4.

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

A. A. PROCTER.

67

8s.

O GOD, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his
O Jesu, lover of mankind, [might?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air Thy bounty streams
On all Thy works; Thy mercy's beams
Diffusive as Thy sun's arise

3 Astonished at Thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars
Terrible majesty is Thine! [bow;
Who then can that vast love express
Which bows Thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till Thou art mine?

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with Thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From Thee; no want Thy fulness knows;
What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost Thou require.

6 O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his
O Jesu, lover of mankind, [might?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?
SCHEFFLER, trans. J. WESLEY.

68

L.M.

O LOVE of God, how strong and true!
Eternal and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

2 O love of God! how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

3 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill!
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.

4 O wide embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

5 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

6 O love of God! our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blessed!

H. BONAR.

69

D. C.M.

THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts they shall strengthen thee.
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind that bloweth healthily,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live:
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

T. T. LYFCH.

70

L.M.

THERE'S not a bird with lonely nest,
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God, in Thy paternal care.

2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude;
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

3 In busy mart or crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness!

4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing:
Widely they spread through earth and
And last through all eternity! [sky,

5 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

B. W. NOEL.

71

C.M.

THOU, Lord, art love, and everywhere
Thy Name is brightly shown;
Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair;
Above, in heaven—Thy throne.

2 Thy ways are love; though they trans-
Our feeble range of sight, [oend
Thy wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light.

3 Thy thoughts are love, and Jesus is
The loving voice they find;
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

4 Thy chastisements are love; more deep
They stamp the seal divine;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

5 Thy heaven is the abode of love;
O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades re-
move,
Be gathered home to Thee!

6 Then with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy throne,
When all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

J. D. BURNS.

72

C.M.

THOU Grace divine, encroling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes;
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

16

3 And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

5 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

73

C.M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest
In every golden ray:
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the Gospel seen;
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' Name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

T. GIBBONS.

74

L.M.

TRIUMPHANT, Lord, Thy goodness
reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine,
The cares of providence are Thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to Thy name.

3 O give to every human heart,
To taste and feel how good Thou art;
With grateful love, and reverent fear,
To know how best Thy children are!

4 Let nature burst into a song:
Ye echoing hills the notes prolong:
Earth, seas, and stars your anthem
raise,

All vocal with your Maker's praise.

5 Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue,
Its sweetest notes belong to you;
Called by your condescending King
For ever round His throne to sing.

DODDRIDGE.

75

L.M.

YES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading
wood

Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

CREATION.

- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood ;
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed ;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whisper, " God is good."
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, " God is good."
- 5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech en-
dued ;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.
- 6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food ;
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening
Word :
These prompt our song that " God is
good!"

J. H. GURNEY.

GOD IN HIS WORKS.

CREATION.

76

C.M.

- E**TERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings ;
With Thy loved name rocks, hills, and
seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid
ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through Thy works abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.
- 5 But the mild glories of Thy grace,
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

WATTS.

77

C.M.

- I**SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

- 4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes His glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from His throne.
- 5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to His care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

WATTS.

78

8.6.8.6.8.8.

- S**INCE o'er Thy footstool, here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about Thy throne !
So brilliant here these drops of light ;
There the full ocean rolls, how bright !
- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendour at the shrine must dwell !
- 3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour,
Forth in his flaming rays,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of Thine ;
What, then, the day where Thou dost
shine !
- 4 O how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays ?
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon Thy glory gaze ?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

W. A. MUELENBERG.

79

C.M.

- T**HERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
- 5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

J. KEELER.

80

L.M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."
ALDISON.

81

8s.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven:
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird whose
plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

4 When youthful spring around us
breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
T. MOORE.

82

L.M.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair
earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the
ground,

*The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.*

18

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.
COTTON.

83

L.M.

WHAT sweetness on Thine earth
doth dwell!

How precious, Lord, these gifts of Thine!
Yet sweeter messages they tell,
These earnest of delights divine.

2 Yes! glory out of glory breaks,
More than the gift itself is given;
Each gift a glorious promise makes;
Thine earth doth prophesy of heaven.

3 These mighty hills we joy to climb,
These happy streams we wander by,
Reveal the eternal hills sublime—
Of God's own river prophesy.

4 These odours blest, these gracious
flowers,
These sweet sounds that around us rise,
Give tidings of the heavenly bowers,
Prelude the angelic harmonies.

5 And in these gracious ones so dear,
These just souls that our souls make
strong,
We feel the holy angels near,
We mingle with the blissful throng.

6 O mercies, kindly incomplete!
Dear joys, our hearts that may not fill!
Strange grace! that in Thy gifts most
sweet
We read of gifts diviner still.

7 Lord, from Thy gifts to Thee we rise,
But with more strength we soar above
Upon these glorious prophecies,
These earnest of Thy dearer love.

T. H. GILL.

PROVIDENCE.

84

C.M.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honours of Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear:
Thy mercies gild each transient scene
And crown each circling year.

3 In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts Thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from Thee.

4 Teach me, in time of deep distress,
To own Thy hand, my God!
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of Thy rod.

5 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

PROVIDENCE.

6 Then shall I close mine eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If Thou art with me there.

O. HEGINBOTHAM.

85

C.M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

COWPER.

86

C.M.

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways,
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of
death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

WATTS.

87

C.M.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!—

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious
hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

DODDRIDGE.*

88

C.M.

O GOD, on Thee we all depend,
On Thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
In every act appear.

- 2 With open hand and liberal heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;
The needful blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.
- 3 Our Father knows what's good and
fit,
And wisdom guides His love;
To Thine appointments we submit,
And every choice approve.
- 4 In Thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all Thy thoughts are just.
- 5 We cannot want while God provides;
What He ordains is best;
And heaven, what'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

BROWNE.

89

8.7.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine, for ever.

- 2 Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever!

H. W. BAKER.

90

S.M.

- T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days:
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

WATTS.

91

Es.

- T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden green and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful
shade.

ADDISON.

92

L.M.

- T**HROUGH all the various shifting
scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
And 'tis the necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

20

- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If Thou seest fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 5 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On Thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in Thy glory end!
- 6 This be my care, to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be,
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed, O God! my soul on Thee!

S. COLLETT.

93

L.M.

- T**HU ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon Thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of Thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals Thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, Thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way;
But, trusting to Thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favoured soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at Thy throne;
Too weak Thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust Thee for my guide alone.

AMBROSE SERLE.

94

C.M.

- W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face:
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

REDEMPTION.

7 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

ADDISON.

REDEMPTION.

95

C.M.

ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own:
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live!
- 5 All that I am, while here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

H. BONAR.

96

L.M.

FATHER, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent Him down the world to save;

- 2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.
- 3 The world He suffered to redeem;
For all He hath the atonement made;
For those that will not come to Him
The ransom of His life was paid.
- 4 Why then, Thou universal Love,
Should any of Thy grace despair?
To all, to all, Thy heart doth move,
But straitened in ourselves we are.
- 5 Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause!
The fulness of the Gentiles call;
Lift up the standard of Thy cross,
And all shall own, Christ died for all.

WESLEY.

97

L.M.

FORGIVENESS, 'tis a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;
—Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine:
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of Heaven,
What grateful honour shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned:
Let truth and goodness, prayer and
praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

T. GIBBONS.

98

C.M.

GRACE! how melodious is the sound!
What music to our ear!
Spread the sweet accent far around,
That heaven and earth may hear.

- 2 Where sin, abounding sin, hath reigned,
Grace reigns, abounding more;
Behold an ocean here, without
A bottom or a shore!
- 3 From the high heaven's eternal throne
It overflowed our earth,
When Christ, the first-born Son, came
down,
And angels hailed His birth.
- 4 Grace was the theme, the gladdening
theme,
Of their astonished strains;
Grace, free, abounding grace, to man,
Through all their anthems reigns.
- 5 And shall we still persist in sin,
That grace may yet abound?
Forbid it, Lord! nor let the thought
Within our hearts be found!

BOYCE.

99

S.M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies I hourly meet,
While pressing home to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

100

86.

GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways
Are worthy of Thyself—divine!
But the bright glories of Thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,
—This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

21

- 3 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood;
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

S. DAVIES.

101

C.M.

- H**OW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
Angels and men with joy confess
The work is all divine.

- 2 Myriads of spirits round the throne
Behold, with wondering eyes,
God's holy, undefiled One,
Once made a sacrifice.

- 3 In rapturous strains they celebrate
The mysteries of His love;
Redemption does new joys create
Amongst the hosts above.

- 4 Beneath His feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave;
And, with ten thousand thousand
tongues,
Proclaim His power to save.

- 5 They tell the triumphs of His cross,
The sufferings which He bore;
How low He stooped, how high He rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

- 6 O! let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

B. BEDDOME.

102

78.

- L**ORD, when we creation scan,
See what Thou hast done for man,
Then our grateful hearts agree,
What a debt we owe to Thee.

- 2 Every note that cheers the vale,
Every sweet that scents the gale,
Every blooming flower we see,
Tells the joy we owe to Thee.

- 3 Every breath that heaves the breast,
Every sound by voice exprest,
Every thought the mind sets free,
Tells the life we owe to Thee.

- 4 But when we redemption view,
Gaze on all Thy love could do,
Lord, our grateful hearts agree,
How much more we owe to Thee.

- 5 When we think what we have been,
Sunk in sorrow, lost in sin,—
Now from sin and sorrow free,
Our own selves we owe to Thee.

- 6 When we hear our Master say,
"Death is vanquished, come away,
Heaven awaits you," we shall see,
Lord, how much we owe to Thee!

J. D. CARLYLE.

103

78.

- N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

- 3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears:
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

- 6 Hither, then, your music bring.
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals! join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

MADAN'S COLLECTION.

104

L.M.

- O** LOVE, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy.
That GOD, the SON OF GOD, should take
Our mortal form for mortal's sake.

- 2 He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

- 3 For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

- 4 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought;
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself but us.

- 5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe ar-
rayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.

- 6 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His SPIRIT here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

- 7 To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His SON,
To GOD the FATHER, glory be
Both now and through eternity.

LATIN HYMN, trans. J. M. NEALE.

105

S.M.

- R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,

REDEMPTION.

And bid Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

- 3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons
down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease:
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.
- 5 Lord, we obey Thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

WATTS.

106

C.M.

SALVATION! O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!

- 2 But O! may a degenerate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?
- 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart oerbears,
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 4 My Saviour-God, no voice but Thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.
- 5 My Saviour-God, this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim,
And call on all the angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

DODDRIDGE.

107

C.M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

WATTS.

108

L.M.

SWEET were the sounds that reached
our ears
When mercy raised her heavenly voice:
'Twas mercy that dispelled our fears,
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

- 2 All other sounds discordant seem,
Compared with mercy's heavenly song;
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.

- 3 O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience
rest;
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.
- 4 May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love!
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

T. KELLY.

109

C.M. double.

WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land;
Because Thou bidd'st the sun go forth
Rejoicing in his might,
And kindle earth to glowing life
And beauty with his light.—

- 2 'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above.
For these Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord;
Yet not for these alone,
The incense of Thy children's love
Arises to Thy throne.
- 3 We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.—
- 4 Because, when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wast not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still.
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot:
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsakest not.—
- 5 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love;
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven;
Yes; much we love, who much have
sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

J. A. ELLIOTT.

110

C.M.

WHEN I had wandered from His fold,
His love the wanderer sought;
When slave-like into bondage sold,
His blood my freedom bought;

- 2 Therefore that life, by Him redeemed,
Is His through all its days;
And, as with blessings it hath teemed,
So let it teem with praise;
- 3 For I am His, and He is mine,
The God whom I adore!
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore.

- 4 When sunk in sorrow, I despaired,
And changed my hopes for fears,
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears ;
- 5 Therefore the joy by Him restored,
To Him by right belongs ;
And to my gracious, loving Lord
I'll sing through life my songs ;
- 6 For I am His, and He is mine,
The God whom I adore ;
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PRAISE.

111

C.M.

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall !
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

E. PERRONET.

112

78.

- BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ our Peace and Righteousness:
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Son of God, to Thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only Thou ;
Thou the woman's promised seed :
Glory of Thy Church, and Head !
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King,
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation fully wrought ;
Wrought, to set Thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.
- 5 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more ;
Guide and bless us with Thy love
Till we join Thy saints above.

J. CENNIOK.

113

8.7.

- CHRIST, above all glory seated !
King triumphant, strong to save !
Dying, Thou hast Death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
- 2 Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.
- 3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below :
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.
- 4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky :
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high !
- 5 So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.
- 6 Hail ! all hail ! In Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding,
With one Spirit evermore !

J. R. WOODFORD.

114

C.M.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " *Worthy the Lamb that died,*" they cry,
" *To be exalted thus ;*"
" *Worthy the Lamb !*" our lips reply,
" *For He was slain for us.*"
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

115

8.7.

- COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem ;
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise ;
Sing to Him who brought salvation,
Wondrous in His works and ways ;
God eternal, Word incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heavens obeys.
- 2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or spread the sky,
Love eternal, free and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die ;
Foreordained the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.
- 3 Now above the sapphire pavement,
High in unapproached light,

PRAISE.

- Lo, He lives and reigns for ever,
Victor after hard-won fight!
Where the song of the redeemed
Rings unceasing, day and night.
- 4 Yet this earth He still remembers,
Still by Him the flock are fed:
Yea, He gives them food immortal,
Gives Himself, the Living Bread:
Leads them where the precious Fountain
From the smitten Rock is shed.
- 5 Trust Him, then, ye fainting pilgrims:
Who shall pluck you from His hand?
Pledged He stands for your salvation,
Pledged to give the promised land,
Where among the ransomed nations
Ye, too, round His throne shall stand.
- J. HUPTON and J. M. NEALE.

116

s.m. double.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The LAMB upon His Throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

- 2 Crown Him the Lord of Life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died Eternal Life to bring,
And lives that death may die!
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be love and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 4 Crown Him the Lord of Might!
The King of kings alone,
Maker of all, serene and bright,
On His eternal Throne;
On the broad sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His Throne,—the Infinite!
Who lives, and loves, and saves!
- 5 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven!
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never ever fail
Throughout eternity!
- M. BRIDGES and G. THRING.

117

664.66.64.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
Angels, His love adore
Who all our sorrows bore:
And saints, cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Fraising His name:
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His dear fame abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Fraising His name;
To Him we'll tribute bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- J. ALLEN.

118

L.M.

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in His face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There He displays His power abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.
- 4 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace
Till we behold Him face to face.
- WATTS.

119

8.7.

HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail! Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail! Thou universal Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Every sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
'Spare them yet another year';
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!
J. BAKEWELL.

120

C.M.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

J. NEWTON.

121

C.M.

- I**NFINITE excellence is Thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at Thy feet;
To Thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In Thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the Church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thy exhaustless store;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in Thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

J. FAWCETT.

122

8.7.4.

- J**ESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Came in deep humility.

26

- 2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.
- 3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.
- 4 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory:—
Let us then our homage pay.
Hallelujah! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

G. THRING.

123

C.M.

- J**ESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine
arms,
My joy in life and death.

DODDRIDGE.*

124

C.M.

- J**ESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'

WESLEY.

PRAISE.

125

C.M.

- J**ESU! the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart!
 O joy of all the meek!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
 How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 The love of Jesus—what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our crown wilt be;
 Jesu! be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *trans.* E. CASWALL.

126

L.M.

- J**ESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
 Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of
 men!
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfiled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, All in All!
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread!
 And long to feast upon Thee still;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain-Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee
 fast.
- 5 O Jesus! ever with us stay,
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *trans.* RAY PALMER.

127

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That ever angels bore;
 All are too mean to speak His worth,
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 But O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Does our Redeemer use
 To teach His heavenly grace!
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love He bears for me.
- 3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
 He like an Angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in His hands;

O

Commissioned from His Father's throne
 To make His grace to mortals known.

- 4 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless Thy Name;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
 My Pattern and my Guide;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near Thy side.
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crook'd way.
- 6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of His sheep.
 He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 7 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offered His blood, and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 8 My Saviour and my Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace, I sing.
 Thine is the power; behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.
- 9 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
 A feeble saint shall win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.

WATTS.

128

C.M.

- M**Y Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
 When I begin Thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of Thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore;
 And, since I knew Thy grace at first,
 I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road;
 And march with courage in Thy strength,
 To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but Thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories of my King!
 My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
 Shall Thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

WATTS.

27

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

129

NOT unto us, but Thee alone, C.M.
 Blest Lamb! be glory given;
 Here shall Thy praises be begun,
 And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits, now with Thee,
 Eternal anthems sing;
 To imitate them here, lo! we
 Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspired,
 Like theirs our songs should rise;
 Like them we never should be tired,
 But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker lays;
 And when we reach Thy Father's throne,
 We'll give Thee nobler praise.

J. CENNICK.

130

CHRIST! our hope, our heart's C.M.
 desire,
 Redemption's only spring!
 Creator of the world art Thou,
 Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love
 Which laid our sins on Thee,
 And led Thee to a cruel death,
 To set Thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
 The ransom has been paid;
 And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
 In glorious robes arrayed.

4 O may Thy mighty love prevail
 Our sinful souls to spare!
 O may we come before Thy throne,
 And find acceptance there!

5 O Christ! be Thou our present joy,
 Our future great reward!
 Our only glory may it be
 To glory in the Lord!

LATIN HYMN, *VERSE*. J. CHANDLER.

131

FOR a thousand tongues to sing C.M.
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace!

2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoners free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks,—and, listening to His voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy!

28

6 Look unto Him, ye nations, own
 Your God, ye fallen race;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone,
 Be justified by grace.

WESLEY.

132

O JESU! King most wonderful! C.M.
 Thou Conqueror renowned;
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In whom all joys are found.

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesu! Light of all below!
 Thou Fount of life and fire!
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
 And ever Thee adore;
 And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *HYMN*. E. CASWALL.

133

76.76. double.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
 Whom yet unseen we love,
 O Name of might and favour,
 All other names above:

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our holy Lord and King!

2 O Bringer of salvation,
 Who wondrously hast wrought,
 Thyself the revelation
 Of love beyond our thought:

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our gracious Lord and King!

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
 All grace and power divine;
 The glory that excelleth,
 O Son of God, is Thine:

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our glorious Lord and King!

4 O grant the consummation
 Of this our song above,
 In endless adoration,
 And everlasting love:

Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
 Where perfect praises ring,
 And evermore confess Thee
 Our Saviour and our King!

F. E. HAVERGAL.

134

6.6.6.6.8.8.

REJOICE! the Lord is King!
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:

PRAISE.

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,—
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

4 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!
C. WESLEY.

135

SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour, 6.5.
Listen whilst we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be—
Body, soul, and spirit—
All we yield to Thee.

2 Farther, ever farther
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide;
Till Thou cam'st in mercy
Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

3 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

4 Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd,
Love that never dies.

5 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

7 Higher, then, and higher,
Soars the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

G. THRING.

136

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love, C.M.
How sweet Thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which Thy mercy came.

2 While all Thine own angelic hands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
The word of such a King;—

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st Thy glory by;
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with Thy service and Thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are Thine;
To Thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death resign.

DODDRIDGE.

137

THERE is a name I love to hear, C.M.
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this little while
Through desert, waste and wild.

4 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

6 And there, with all the blood-bought
From sin and sorrow free, (throng,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesu's love to me.

F. WHITFIELD.

138

THOU dear Redeemer, crying *Laud!* C.M.
I We love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 O may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransomed throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

J. CENNICK.

139

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given,
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

- 3 Jesus, my All in all Thou art—
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart:
In war my peace, in loss my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory, and my crown.

- 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my Almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour:
My help and stay, whene'er I call;
My life in death—my heaven, my all.

WESLEY.*

140

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue!

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth, to bleed and die;
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Move every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song!

A. STEELE.

141

WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
"Hail! Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
Of Glory and of hosts."

- 3 The oherubim and seraphim
Incessant sing to Thee;
The worlds and all the powers therein
Adore Thy Majesty.

- 4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

- 5 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

- 6 Through all the world, Thy churches join
To call on Thee, their Head,
Brightness of Majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.

- 7 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood.
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God!

J. CENNICK.*

142

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the
Lamb,

When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of peace, that groaned and
died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.

- 3 Power and dominion are His due,
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though He was charged with madness
here.

- 4 All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.

- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

WATTS.

143

"WORTHY the Lamb for sinners
slain,"

Cry the redeemed above;
"Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love."

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save;"
Henceforth, O death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?

C.M.

C.M.

DIVINITY.

- 3 Worthy for ever is the Lamb
That took our sins away;
But O! what tribute can we give,—
What equal honours pay?
- 4 Reign, mighty Prince, for ever reign,
Till death himself be dead;
And let eternal ages shower
Their blessings on Thy head!
- 5 Thus will we sing till nature fail;
Till sense and language die;
And then resume the glorious theme
In happier worlds on high.

J. MONTGOMERY.

144

10. 10. 11. 11.

- YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son.
The praises of Jesus
All angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore
And give Him His right;
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love.

WESLEY.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

145

6.5.

- AT the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.
- 2 Humbled for a season
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came;
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last;
Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed.

- 3 Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with 'bated breath;
He is GOD the Saviour,
He is CHRIST the LORD,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.
- 4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His Will enfold you
In its light and power.
- 5 Brothers, this LORD JESUS
Shall return again,
With His FATHER'S glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

C. M. NOEL.

146

G.M.

- JESUS, Thou art my Lord, my God,
I joy to call Thee mine;
For on Thy brow, though bruised with
thorns,
I see a crown divine.
- 2 And I can trust the mighty work
Which must be done for me,
To those dear pierced hands of Thine,
Once fastened to the tree.
- 3 If Thou wert less than One Divine
My soul would be dismayed;
But through Thy human lips God says,
'Tis I, be not afraid.'
- 4 Thou wilt not leave my soul alone
To struggle to Thy side,
But in my spirit's helplessness
Shall strength Divine abide.
- 5 And when I stand on Jordan's waves
Thou shalt my weakness hold,
Until at last my weary feet
Shall walk the streets of gold.
- 6 There in that cloudless light serene,
Before the shining throne,
I'll worship at the feet of Him
Who did for sin atone.

MRS. HINSDALE.

147

C.M.

- O THOU, who didst with love untold
Thy doubting servant chide;
Bidding the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side,—
- 2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
Faith in the Incarnate Word.
- 3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
O! let us, Lord, the lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

4 And grant that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve;
But at the last their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe.

R. TOKE.

148

86.86.88.

THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God, manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's Beloved One.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow!

2 In Thee, most perfectly expressed,
The Father's glories shine;
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally divine.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow!

3 True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed;
Brightness of Uncreated Light;
The heart of God revealed;
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow!

4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel's grasp transcend;
The Father only—glorious claim—
The Son can comprehend.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow!

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above,
As one with Thee, are blest.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow!

6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and sun;
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's Beloved One:—
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow!

J. CONDER.

149

L.M.

THOU Son of God and Son of Man,
Beloved, adored Immanuel!
Who didst, before all time began,
In glory with Thy Father dwell;—

2 We sing Thy love, who didst in time
For us humanity assume,
To answer for the sinner's crime,
To suffer in the sinner's room.

3 The ransomed church Thy glory sings,
The hosts of heaven Thy will obey;
And, Lord of lords and King of kings,
We celebrate Thy blessed sway.

4 A servant's form Thou didst sustain,
And with delight the law obey;
Thou didst endure amazing pain,
While all our sorrows on Thee lay.

5 Blest Saviour, we are wholly Thine,
So freely loved, so dearly bought;
Our souls to Thee would we resign,
To Thee would subject every thought.

JOHN RYLAND.

ADVENT AND BIRTH.

150

8.7.4.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory;
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light.
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen His natal-star;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. MONTGOMERY.

151

7^a.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesu! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King!

W. C. DIX.

152

II. IO. II. IO.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of
the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

R. HEBER.

153

108.

- CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice:
"Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake, and straightway the celestial quire,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.
- 4 O! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

- 5 Then may we hope, the angelic throne among,
To sing redeemed a glad triumphal song;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

J. BYROM.

154

C.M.

- HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

155

78.

- HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
"Christ the Lord is born to-day!"
- 3 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here.
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Life and light to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
- 5 Mild He lays His glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.
- 6 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing—
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

C. WESLEY.*

156

C.M. double.

- It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold—

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!
- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!
- 5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS.

157

COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the
LORD.

P. M.

- 2 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
"Glory to God
In the highest;"
O come, let us adore Him, &c.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

LATIN HYMN, trans. F. OAKELEY.

158

- THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun!
The gathering nations come,

C. M.

Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

- 3 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

J. MORRISON.

159

L. M.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through
the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry
light,—

- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came:
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and
sung:
- 4 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!"

T. CAMPBELL.

EARTHLY MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

160

C. M.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wretched His brow with thorn?
- 4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or
calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.
- 5 Dead to the world with Him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

E. DENNY.

161

6. 10. 6. 10.

- B**IRDS have their quiet nests,
Foxes their holes, and man his
peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His
head.
- 2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe my griefs to slumber on
His breast.
- 3 I, who once made Him grieve;
I, who once made His gentle spirit
mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of
thorn!
- 4 O why should I have peace?
Why, but for that unchanged, undying
love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.
- 5 Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face
That once was pale and agonized for
me.
- 6 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peace-
ful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected
head.
- 7 On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn
for sin;
O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart
within.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

162

C.M.

- F**EAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed:
- 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill:
But One was there who rose, and said
To the wild sea—"Be still!"
- 3 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast:
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.
- 4 O Thou, that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send Thy meek Spirit forth in power
Soft on our souls to brood.
- 5 Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil,
O speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still."

F. D. HEMANS.

163

S.M.

- F**IERCE was the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Felled the disciples' hearts with fear,
Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.
- 2 But at the stern rebuke
Of Thy almighty word,
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee God and Lord.
- 3 So now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terrors fill,
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."
- 4 When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial-hour.
- 5 And when, amid the signs
Which speak Thine advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fills faithless hearts with fear;
- 6 May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads, and hail with joy
Thy great Epiphany.

H. W. BEADON.

164

C.M.

- I**N all things like Thy brethren, Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;
But how unlike to us, O Lord!
Replies the voice within.
- 2 O Son of Man! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil, and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.
- 3 O Son of God! in glory raised
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succouring Thine own.
- 4 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven.

J. ANSTICE.

165

C.M.

- O**MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This robe of flesh the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.
- 3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.
- 4 But not this robe of flesh alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

35

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

- 5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
Because Thy heaven we share;
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.
- 6 Thou who wast clothed in our clay,
And stricken in our stead,
Wilt put on us Thy bright array,
Thy joy on us wilt shed.
- 7 O mighty grace! our life to Hve,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace! Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine!

T. H. GILL.

166

L.M.

- O SAVIOUR! Thou in love didst make
Thyself incarnate for our sake,
To share with us the griefs of life,
Its watchings, weariness, and strife.
- 2 Thou in our very flesh didst come,
And make this sinful earth Thy home;
All human life to soothe and save
Up from the cradle to the grave.
- 3 There's not an hour of life below,
A want, a weakness, or a woe,
In which, to help the human heart,
Thou didst not bear Thyself a part:
- 4 Thou who wast rich, becoming poor
To give us riches that endure;
Thou who wast high, becoming low
That we might to Thy stature grow:
- 5 Thou, God of heaven, by human birth
A man of sorrows upon earth;
That we may draw our best relief
From Thy dear fellowship in grief.
- 6 Lowly to us, O Lord, as Thou
In Thy humility dost bow,
So high our nature lift with Thine,
Till human things become Divine.

J. S. B. MONSELL."

167

D.C.M.

- O WHERE is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake,—
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.
- 2 O where is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake,—
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire.
- 3 O where is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake,—
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take?
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amazement that they are clean,
And cry, "Tis He can save!"

35

- 4 O where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the
bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake.
- 5 O where is He that trod the sea?
My soul! the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee:
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ; "I come."

T. T. LYNCH.

168

8s.

- WE saw Thee not when Thou didst
come
To this poor world of sin and death;
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home,
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
- 2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they
do!"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth, and veiled the
sun.
- 3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee on the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"
- 4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds
ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.
- 5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

J. H. GURNEY.

169

7s.

- WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in His bosom reigned;
Sympathy He loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.
- 2 Round Him thronged the blind, the lame,
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed;
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blessed.
- 3 He could make the leper whole;
Thousands at a meal He fed!
Winds and waves could He control;
By a word He raised the dead.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 4 Listening sinners round Him pressed
Whilst He taught the way to bliss;
Even enemies confessed,
"No man ever spake like this."
- 5 Be Thy love to me revealed;
Be Thy grace by me possessed:
Touch me, and I shall be healed,
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

J. RYLAND.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

170

C.M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

- 2 Hark how He groans, while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple-veil asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive My soul," He cries;
See, where He bows His sacred head,
He bows His head and dies!
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious
chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

SAMUEL WESLEY.

171

C.M.

BEHOLD! the Son of God appears
To save from sin and woe;
He leaves His radiant throne on high,
To dwell with men below.

- 2 Clothing Himself with mortal flesh,
He flies to our relief;
Sorrows His chief acquaintance were,
And His companion, grief.
- 3 From Bethlehem's inn to Calvary's
cross,
Affliction marked His road;
And many a weary step He took
To bring us back to God.
- 4 How keen the anguish and the smart
That pained His holy mind,
When all the powers of earth and hell
Against Him were combined!
- 5 How dark and awful was the hour
When on the cross He cried,
" 'Tis finished," the full ransom's paid;
Then bowed His head and died!
- 6 And did my Saviour thus expire,
Nailed to the accursed tree?
To Him I give my soul away,
Who lived and died for me.

BAP. NEW SELECTION, 1828.

172

S.7.4.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure;
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;

"It is finished!"

Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 "Finished," all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
"Finished," all that God had promised!
Death and hell no more shall awe;
"It is finished!"

Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the glorious theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

J. EVANS.

173

S.7.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.
- 5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. BOWRING.

174

L.M.

O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed:
His throat with parching thirst is dried:
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 4 Seven times He spoke, seven words of
love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied:
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified!

F. W. FABER.

31

175

O SACRED head! now wounded, 7.6.
 With grief and shame bowed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thy only crown!
 How pale art Thou with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn!

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo! here I fall, my Saviour;
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favour,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!
 O make me Thine for ever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to Thee!

4 And when I am departing,
 Then part not Thou from me;
 When mortal pangs are darting,
 Come, Lord, and set me free!
 And when my heart must languish
 Amidst the final throes,
 Release me from mine anguish
 By Thine own pain and woe!

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
 O show Thy cross to me;
 And, for my succour flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free!
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he, who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX; P. GERHARDT;
 (FRGM. JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

176

O THOU, my soul, forget no more L.M.
 The Friend who all thy misery
 bore;

Let every idol be forgot,
 But, O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Thy God for thee a body takes,
 Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,—
 Discharging all thy dreadful debt;
 And canst thou e'er such love forget?

3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
 And fly to this most sure relief;
 Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
 And for thy life gave up His own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
 In Him, and He Himself is thine:
 And canst thou then, with sin beset,
 Such charms, such matchless charms,
 forget?

5 Ah! no; till life itself depart,
 His name shall cheer and warm my
 heart;

And, liping this, from earth I'll rise,
 And join the chorus of the skies.

6 Ah! no; when all things else expire,
 And perish in the general fire,
 This name all others shall survive,
 And through eternity shall live.

KRISHNU PAL, trans. MARSHMAN.

177

RIDE on! ride on in majesty! L.M.
 Hark! all the tribes 'Hosanna' cry;
 O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
 With palms and scattered garments
 strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die;
 O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering
 eyes
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
 The FATHER on His sapphire throne
 Awaits His own Anointed SON.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die;
 Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O GOD, Thy power, and
 reign.

H. H. MILMAN.

178

THOU who didst stoop below, 6.6.8
 To drain the cup of woe,
 Wearing our frail mortality,
 Thy bleas'd labours done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
 Hast pass'd to Thy throne on high.

2 Our eyes behold Thee not,
 Yet hast Thou not forgot
 Those who have placed their hope in
 Thee;

Before Thy Father's face,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That with Thee they may also be.

3 It was no path of flowers
 Through this dark world of ours,
 Belov'd Saviour, Thou didst tread;
 And shall we in dismay
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness round it
 spread?

4 O Thou who art our life,
 Be with us through the strife;
 And when by earth's fierce tempests
 bow'd,

Raise Thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam like the rainbow through the cloud,

5 E'en through the awful gloom
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guide-star be;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Blest Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

S. MILLES.

RESURRECTION.

179

THRONED upon the awful tree, ^{78.}
 King of grief, I watch with Thee;
 Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
 None its lines of woe can trace,
 None can tell what pangs unknown
 Hold Thee silent and alone.

2 Silent through those three dread hours
 Wrestling with the evil powers,
 Left alone with human sin,
 Gloom around Thee and within,
 Till the appointed time is nigh,
 Till the LAMB of GOD may die.

3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
 Upward through the whelming cloud!
 Thou, the FATHER'S only SON,
 Thou, His own Anointed One,
 Thou dost ask Him—can it be?
 "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
 Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
 Thou, who once wast thus bereft
 That Thine own might ne'er be left,
 Teach me by that bitter cry,
 In the gloom to know Thee nigh!
 J. ELLERTON.

180

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters, "GOD IS LOVE;"
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heaven above.
 T. KELLY.

181

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God!
 All the vain things that charm me most
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er His body on the tree;

Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.
 WATTS.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

182

ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
 Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
 Sing to GOD a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to GOD a hymn of praise;
 He, who on the cross a victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
 JESUS CHRIST, the King of glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.

2 CHRIST is risen, CHRIST the first-fruits
 Of the holy harvest field,
 Which will all its full abundance
 At His second coming yield;
 Then the golden ears of harvest
 Will their heads before Him wave,
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine
 From the furrows of the grave.

3 CHRIST is risen, we are risen;
 Shed upon us heavenly grace,
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory,
 From the brightness of Thy face;
 That we, with our hearts in heaven
 Here on earth may fruitful be,
 And by angel-hands be gathered,
 And be ever, LORD, with Thee.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glory be to GOD on high;
 Alleluia to the Saviour,
 Who has gained the victory;
 Alleluia to the SPIRIT,
 Fount of love and sanctity;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 To the Triune Majesty!
 C. WORDSWORTH.

183

CHRISt, the Lord, is risen to-day, ^{78.}
 Sons of men and angels say:
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!
 Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ has burst the gates of hell!
 Death in vain forbids His rise;
 Christ has opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King!
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once He died our souls to save;
 Where thy victory, O Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given,
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail! the Resurrection Thou!

WESLEY.*

184

8.8.6.

COME see the place where JESUS lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,

They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
Though dust return to dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

T. KELLY.*

185

7.8.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us:
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

C. F. GELLETT, trans. F. E. COX.

186

7.6.

THE Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!

40

From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our CHRIST hath brought us o'er,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The LORD in rays eternal.
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For CHRIST the LORD is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end!

JOHN OF DAMASCUS, trans. J. M. NEALE.

187

S.M.

"THE Lord is risen indeed,"
Then is His work performed;
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then hell has lost its prey;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

T. KELLY.

188

8.8.8.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung—
Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their
worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst—
Alleluia!

3 On that third morn He rose again,
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain—
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumph tell—
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants
free,

That we may live and sing to Thee—
Alleluia!

LATIN HYMN, *trans.* F. POTT.

ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

189

C.M.

ASCENDED Lord, accept our praise,
As, with adoring eye,
From this dim earth we lift our gaze
To that bright home on high.

2 We may not stay our lingering feet
Upon the sacred hill,
Nor with blest dreams and visions sweet
Stand gazing upwards still.

3 For Thou, Lord, shalt once more appear;
And we would seek Thy grace
To tread our lowly pathway here
Until we see Thy face.

4 And week by week we ask this day
Fresh gleams of heavenly light,
To cheer us on our toilsome way,
And brighten all our night.

5 Then praise to Thee, ascended Lord!
O Father, praise to Thee,
And Thou, O Spirit, be adored,
One God in Trinity!

W. W. HOW.

190

C.M.

BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
Yon heaven of heavens, with peerless
light,
Our great Redeemer fills.

2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine;
At His right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 And whilst He stooped on earth to
dwell,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honours at His feet,
And waited in His train.

4 Through all His travels here below,
They did His steps attend;
Oft wondering how, and where, at
last,
This scene of love would end.

5 As on the torturing cross He hung,
And darkness veiled the sky;
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die.

6 They saw Him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise, in conquering majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

7 They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;
Spread their triumphant wings, and
sang.

"The glorious work is done!"

J. FANCH and D. TURNER.

191

65

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
'All His work is ended,'
Joyfully we sing,
'Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!'

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;

Jesus, King of Glory,
Has gone up on high!
'All His work is ended,' &c.

3 Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

'All His work is ended,' &c.

F. B. HAVERGAL.

192

78

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His throne above the skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See He lifts His hands above!
See He shows the prints of love!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

5 'Master,' may we ever say,
'Taken from our head-to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see
Ever gazing up to Thee.'

6 Grant, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

7 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for our heavenly home.

8 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

G. WELBY.

193

HE is gone—A cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

75.

2 He is gone—Towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone—But we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone—But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find:
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. F. STANLEY.

194

88.6.88.6.

O JESUS, Lord! 'tis joy to know
Thy path is o'er of shame and woe,
For us so meekly trod:
All finished is Thy work of toil,
Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,
Exalted by our God.

2 Thy holy head, once bound with thorns,
The crown of glory now adorns—
Thy seat the Father's throne:
O Lord! e'en now we sing Thy praise,
And soon the eternal song shall raise—
'Worthy the Lord alone!'

3 Our glorious Head, Thou sittest there,
Thy members here the blessing share
Of all Thou dost receive:
Thy wisdom, riches, honours, powers,
Thy boundless love has all made ours,
Who in Thy name believe.

4 We triumph in Thy triumphs, Lord;
Thy joys our deepest joys afford,
Our life is life divine:
While sorrowing, suffering, toiling here,
How does the thought our spirits cheer—
The throne of glory's Thine.

anon.

195

7.6.

O LORD! who now art seated
Above the heavens on high,
The gracious work completed
For which Thou cam'st to die,
To Thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wandering here,

4

For Thou art truly gifted
Our every grief to share.

2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy blood;
We know Thy grace has brought us
As kings and priests to God:
We know that soon the morning,
Long looked for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear!

3 O Lord! Thy love's unbounded,
So full, so vast, so free;
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene'er we think on Thee:
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die,
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

4 O let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us
But that which paineth Thee;
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

J. G. DECK.

196

9.6. double.

O SHOW me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross He bled;
Nor in the tomb a captive lying,
For He has left the dead:
Then bid me not that form suspended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

2 Weep not for Him at Calvary's station,
Weep only for thy sins;
View where He lay with exultation,
'Tis there our hope begins:
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up, and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

3 Still in the shameful Cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt;
That shameful Cross, set forth before me,
Hath cancelled all my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
Therefore His servants live.

4 By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph He completed;
He lives, He reigns to save.
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him:
He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him, and adore Him;
Lord Jesus! own me then.

J. CONDER.*

197

L.M.

O UR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

HIGH PRIEST.

- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in!
- 4 'Who is the King of Glory? Who?'
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-
threw;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 6 'Who is the King of Glory? Who?'
The Lord, of boundless power pos-
sessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

WESLEY.

198

C.M.

- THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds;
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven.
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right
hand
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

199

C.M.

- THE head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

D

- 5 They suffer with their Lord below:
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

T. KELLY.

200

S.M. double.

- THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.
- 2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!
- 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high!

E. TOKE.

NAMES AND OFFICES OF
CHRIST.

HIGH PRIEST.

201

C.M.

- JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-offerings
brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But Thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood ran through several
hands,
For mortal was their race:
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as Thy days.
- 5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by His own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows His own sacrifice.

43

NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

7 He ever lives, to intercede
Before His Father's face:
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace!

WATTS.

202

C.M.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate His constant care
And sympathetic love.

- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honours crowned;—
- 3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

DODDRIDGE.

203

C.M.

THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

- 2 No altars now, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullocks slain;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God's own Son comes down to be
The offering and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of His love;
For us He paid His life below,
And prays for us above.

WATTS.*

204

L.M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple
stands,
The House of God, not made with
hands,

- A great High Priest our nature wears;
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who, for men, their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan;—
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

44

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

M. BRUCE.

205

C.M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And overflows with love.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

WATTS.*

A FRIEND.

206

8.7.

ALWAYS' with us, 'always' with us,
A Words of cheer and words of love
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From His dwelling-place above.

- 2 With us when with sin we struggle,
Giving strength and courage too,
Bidding us to falter never,
But to Him be ever true.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stillling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 5 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

E. H. NEVIN.

207

8.7. double.

FRIEND of sinners! Lord of glory!
Lowly, mighty! Brother, King!
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Grateful we Thy praises sing.

A FRIEND.

Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,
In whom power and pity blend—
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the Sinners' Friend.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!—
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find!—
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end,—
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in heaven, the Sinners' Friend.

3 O to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
Be each thought conformed to Thee:
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till, no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the Sinners' Friend!

NEWMAN HALL.

208

L.M.

"I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!"
What comfort this sweet sentence
gives!

He lives! He lives! who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living Head!

2 He lives, triumphant from the grave,
He lives, eternally to save;
He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above.

3 He lives, to silence all my fears;
He lives, to stay and wipe my tears;
He lives, to soothe my troubled heart;
He lives, all blessings to impart.

4 He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same!
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

S. MEDLEY.

209

6.4.6.4.10.10.

I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine,
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.

Is there on earth a closer bond than this—
That "my Belovéd's mine and I am His?"

2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice,
Thou, Lord, art mine.

By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly
wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe!
All that I have and am,
And all I know.

All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own: Lord, I am Thine!

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?

Why should I keep one precious thing from
Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear
Self for me?

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove.

To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow
o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. MUDIE.

210

108.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly
rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain
home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering
breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary
come.

With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is
mine.

2 The good I have is from His stores
supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with naught
beside;
And poor without Him, though of all
possessed,
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content while I am His, while He is
mine.

3 What'er may change, in Him no change
is seen;
A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor de-
clines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks
serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness
shines.

All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is
mine.

4 While here, alas! I know but half His
love,
But half discern Him, and but half
adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms
above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him
more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

H. F. LYTE.

211

8.8.8.6.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may
lean;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

. NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee!
- 4 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, ought beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!
- 5 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.
- 6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

C. ELLIOTT.

212

O JESUS, Friend unailing,
How dear Thou art to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee.
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough though the path and dreary,
It ends in perfect day.

7.6.

- 2 What fills my soul with gladness?
'Tis Thine abounding grace;
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Jesus, on Thy face?
My all is Thy providing;
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In Thee my Refuge, hiding,
No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 3 Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt ever by my side:
Why trembling dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er betide?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Naught severs Thee from me.
- 4 For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing,
I triumph, Lord, in Thee:
O Jesus, Friend unailing,
How dear art Thou to me!

GERMAN, *trans.* H. K. BROWNE.

213

8.7.8.7.7.7.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed their blood?

46

But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But, when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

J. NEWTON.

214

8.8.8.6.

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to lose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me!
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all away;
O say, Thou plead'st for me!

C. ELLIOTT.

215

8a.

WHEN gathering clouds around I
view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

- 3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers what was once a friend;

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed;
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And, O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

R. GRANT.

216

A SHEPHERD.

D.S.M.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled,
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!

H. BONAR.

217

6.5.6.5. double.

JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone:
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
For the sheep He bled;

Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
"They that have My Spirit,
"These," saith He, "are Mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

5 Jesus is our Shepherd;
With His goodness now
And His tender mercy
He doth us endow.
Let us sing His praises
With a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him,
Never more to part.

H. STOWELL.

218

7.6.7.6. double.

O JESU ever present,
O Shepherd ever kind,
Thy very name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way!
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in!

3 O Shepherd good, I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold;
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold!

L. TUTTIETT.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

219

LIFE.

8s.

O LIGHT! whose beams illumine all,
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Way! through whom our souls draw
near

To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering
cease;

In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through
Thee.

NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

3 O Truth! before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mista beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life! the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can
paint?

In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light! O Way! O Truth! O Life!
O Jesus, born mankind to save!
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest
wave;

Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead!

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

220

108.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons
of men,
Who once didst come in humblest guise
below,

Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's
chain,
And call Thy brethren forth from want
and woe;—

2 We look to Thee; Thy truth is still
the light

Which guides the nations, groping on
their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous
night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes! Thou art still the Life; Thou art
the Way

The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way
of heaven!

And they who dearest hope, and deepest
pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou
hast given.

T. PARKER.

221

C.M.

THOU art the Way: by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;

Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;

And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—
Grant us that Way to know,

That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. DOANE.

222

C.M.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through Him the first fond prayers are
said,
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Saviour of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine.

6 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

J. G. WHITTIER.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

223

78.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

WESLEY.

224

E.7. double.

LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
L Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
On our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
Come and manifest the favour
God hath to our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Manifest Thy wondrous grace.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love;
Give the knowledge of salvation;
Raise our hearts to thine above;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.
C. WESLEY.*

OUR EXAMPLE.

225

L.M.

- HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path through suffering
lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.
- 5 O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted many a pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve
The toilsome day, the homeless night;
- 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?
- 7 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.
J. CONDER.

226

C.M.

- LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then like Thine own, be all our aim,
To conquer them by love.
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.
J. H. GURNEY.

227

L.M.

- MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But, in Thy life, the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here:
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.
WATTS.

228

C.M.

- WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty
shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For ever, on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.
E. DENNY.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

229

L.M.

- COME, gracious SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.
S. BROWNE.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

230

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art,
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart;
O come to-day!
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power;
Rest which the weary know,
Shade mid the noontide-glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us this hour!
- 3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.
- 4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound!
- 5 Come, all the faithful bless!
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And with our glorious Lord
Eternal joy!

KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE,
trans. RAY PALMER.

231

S.M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood:
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith:
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. HART.

232

C.M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, from the throne
Of the Eternal God!
O come and make my heart Thy own,
Thy temple and abode.

50

- 2 Take of the things of Christ my Lord
And show them unto me;
That I may comprehend Thy word,
And all its beauties see.
- 3 Thy quickening energy display,
Thou know'st my inward strife:
Kindle my darkness into day,
My deadness into life.
- 4 Subdue each vain, impure desire,
Each tendency to sin;
And make me, by Thy hallowed fire,
All glorious within.
- 5 Under Thy guidance may I live,
Thy constant aid implore;
With gratitude that aid receive,
Nor sin against Thee more.

J. TYERS.

233

C.M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here on earth,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls forget their heavenly birth,
And miss eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours

WATTS.*

234

777.5

- COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.
- 2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.
- 3 Orphans are our souls, and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.
- 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.
- 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy Temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.
- 6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of our bliss on high;
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God!
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

G. RAWSON

235

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were
laid.

Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth
command.

Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour-Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal PARACLETE, to Thee!

LATIN HYMN, *trans.* DRYDEN.*

236

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty
Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart;
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life and light and love!
Thy heavenly influence give:
Quicken our spirits from above,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted souls reveal
The glories of His grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

T. HAWES.

237

FORBID it, Lord, that we,
Who from Thy hand receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve.

2 O keep our faith alive,
Help us to watch and pray;
Lest by our carelessness we drive
The sacred guest away!

3 How can we bear to lose
Our best and kindest friend,
Life, health, and happiness refuse,
And joys that never end!

4 Lord, make us wholly Thine;
And in our hearts of stone
Let grace with purer lustre shine,
To mark us for Thine own.

W. H. BATHURST.

238

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made:
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

T. T. LYNCH.

239

HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief:
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

4 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away!

51

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.

- 5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

W. H. BATHURST.

240

HOW shall the mighty God,
Whom heaven cannot contain,
A temple and a fit abode
Within me ever gain?

- 2 Come, Spirit of the Lord!
Teacher and Heavenly Guide!
Be it according to Thy word:
In my poor heart reside.

- 3 Enter, O Holy Ghost!
Pervade this soul of mine;
In me renew Thy Pentecost;
Reveal Thy power divine.

- 4 Make it my highest bliss
Thy blessed fruit to bear,
Thy joy, love, peace, and gentleness,
Goodness and faith to share.

- 5 Let me in deepest fear
Thy holiness to grieve,
Walk in the Spirit, even here,
And in the Spirit live.

- 6 Now let me live in Thee,
My inner life of love;
So best shall I preparing be
For perfect life above.

G. RAWSON.

241

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power!

- 2 We meet, with one accord,
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

- 5 Spirit of light! explore
And chase our gloom away;
With lustre, shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

- 6 Spirit of truth! be Thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

J. MONTGOMERY.

242

O HOLY Ghost, who down dost come,
To make each contrite heart Thy
home,
On me descend, within me dwell,
My soul renew, my sin expel!

L.M.

- 2 Spirit of Truth! who makest bright
All souls that long for heavenly light,
Appear, and on my darkness shine;
Descend, and be my Guide divine.

- 3 Spirit of Power! whose might doth dwell
Full in the souls Thou lovest well,
Unto this fainting heart draw near,
And be my daily Quickener.

- 4 Spirit of Joy! who makest glad
Each broken heart by sin made sad,
Pour on this mourning soul Thy cheer;
Give me to bless my Comforter.

- 5 O tender Spirit! who dost mourn
Whene'er from Thee Thy people turn,
Give me each day to grieve Thee less,—
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness:

- 6 Till Thou shalt make me meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss!

T. H. GILL

243

8.6.84.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee!

H. AUBER.

244

C.M.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

- 2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

- 3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

- 5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy
wings,
The wings of peaceful love;

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

A. REED.

245

C.M.

SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for Thee;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend;
Let us Thy mercy see.

2 Behold! Thy weary churches wait
With wistful longing eyes;
Let us no more be desolate;
O bid Thy light arise!

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone;
Alone Thy people be.

4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness! 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come, for we wait Thy power divine,
Let us Thy mercy share!

S. F. SMITH.

246

10. 10. 10. 10.

THO Thee, Creator Spirit, now we see,
Renewer of our hearts in righteous-
ness;
Fulness of blessing comes alone from
Thee;
Imbue us wholly with Thy power and
grace.

2 Thou art—we hail the great and glorious
word—
The COMFORTER, to man in mercy given,
Who dost anoint and seal us for the
Lord;
Thou art to us the certain pledge of
heaven.

3 O shine upon us with the truth's pure
light;
Excite within us the warm glow of love;
Equip our wearied spirits for the fight;
In weakness, give us courage from above.

4 The joy of confidence to us impart,
That peace of God the world can never
know;
The flame of strife suppress in every
heart,
And mutual love abundantly bestow.

5 Thy shining track, O may we mark full
well,
Guided by Thee pursue the heavenly
road;

O Spirit of our God! within us dwell,
Thy temples make us, Thy beloved
abode!

A. W. SCHLEGEL, trans. J. SALISBURY.

247

8. 8. 6.

THO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

248

C.M.

WHEN God of old came down from
heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come Lord! come Wisdom, Love, and
Power!

Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear!

J. KEBLE.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

249

C.M.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimber sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

A. STEELE.

250

C.M.

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way:—

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay.

4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son,
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, child-like hearts!

B. BARTON.

251

L.M.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

2 What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan?
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,

54

I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.
WATTS.

252

C.M.

LORD, I have made Thy word my
choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes their sorrows blest;
And bids them look beyond the grave,
To an eternal rest!

WATTS.*

253

L.M.

O GOD! who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous modes to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer,—
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear?

2 What though no answering voice is
heard,

Thine oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.

3 What though no more by dreams is
shown
That future things to God are known;
Enough the promises reveal;
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

4 Faith asks no signal from the skies
To show that prayers accepted rise.
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.

5 No need of prophets to inquire;
The Sun is risen; the stars retire:
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.

6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire;
Answer our sacrifice by fire;
And by Thy mighty acts declare
Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

J. CONDER.

254

7.6. double

O WORD of God incarnate!
O Wisdom from on high!
O Truth unchanged, unchanging!
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifeth
O'er all the earth to shine.

It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truths are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world:
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face!

W. W. HOW.

255

L. M.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ,
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

WATTS.

256

C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,

As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

257

C. M. double.

WE limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given?
That universe, how much unknown!
That ocean unexplored!
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

3 Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall; our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

4 The valley's passed; ascending still,
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press—the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard:
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

5 O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
Us increase from above;
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
To comprehend Thy love:
And make us to go on to know,
With nobler powers conferred;—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

G. RAWSON.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

258

8.5.8.3.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me'—saith One—'and coming,
Be at rest!'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints
And His side.'

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!'

THE GOSPEL CALL.

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed!'

- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
'Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!'
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Angels, saints, apostles, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes!'
GREEK HYMN (A.D. 790), *trans.* J. M. NEALE.

259

L.M.

- B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door,
He gently knocks—has knocked
before;
Has waited long; is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest!
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.
- 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 5 Sovereign of Souls! Thou Prince of
Peace!
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be His empire, all mankind.
J. GRIGG.

260

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow—
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
WESLEY.

261

L.M.

- C**OME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest,
Ye need not one be left behind,
Jesus hath died for all mankind.
- 2 Sent by our Lord, on you we call,
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world; come, sinner,
thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wanderers after rest:
Ye poor and maimed, and halt and
blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
Pardon and life let all embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.
- 5 This is the time; no more delay!
This is the glorious gospel day;
Come in, this moment, at His call,
And live to Him who died for all.
WESLEY.*

262

7.6. double.

- '**C**OME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.
- 3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.
- 4 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.
W. G. DIX.

263

8.7.4.

- C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able;
He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the Fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies,
'It is finished!'
Finished, the great sacrifice.
- 5 Lo! the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

J. HART.

264

78.

- F**ROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid.
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 4 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day.
Up to my eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

T. HAWES.

265

8.7.

- J**ESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me.'
- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,

From each idol that would keep us
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'
- 4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call!
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

266

78.

- J**ESUS, sinners will receive;
Say this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall;
This can bring them back again,
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'
- 2 Sick and sorrowful and blind,
I, with all my sins, draw nigh;
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I;
Speak that word of love again,
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'
- 3 Yea, my soul is comforted;
For Thy blood hath washed away
All my sins, though crimson-red,
And I stand in white array,
Purged from every spot and stain:
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'
- 4 'Christ receiveth sinful men':
Even me, with all my sin;
Openeth to me heaven again,
With Him I may enter in,
Death hath no more sting nor pain;
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

NEUMEISTER, trans. MRS. BEVAN.

267

88.

- L**IFT up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing!
- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His sceptre, pity in distress;
The end of all our woe He brings,
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings.
- 3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy:
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

- 4 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal;
Thy Holy Spirit guide me on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

C. WEISZEL, trans. C. WINKWORTH.

268

L.M.

- L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round;
 Let every soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom He gives to know
 That you ten thousand talents owe,
 When humbled at His feet ye fall,
 Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 The rich inheritance of heaven,
 Through Jesus Christ, is freely given;
 Fair Salem your arrival waits,
 With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 4 Her blest inhabitants no more
 Bondage and poverty deplore;
 No debt but love, immensely great,
 And joy still rises with the debt.
- 5 O happy souls that know the sound!
 God's light shall all their steps surround;
 And show that jubilee begun
 Which through eternal years shall run.
 DODDRIDGE.*

269

S.M.

- N** OW is the accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace:
 Now, sinners, come without delay,
 And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late,—
 Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is the accepted time:
 The Gospel bids you come;
 And every promise in His word
 Declares, 'There yet is room.'
 J. DOBELL.

270

L.M.

- O** DO not let the word depart,
 And close thine eyes against the
 light!
 Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
 Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
 night?
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
 To bless thy long-deluded sight;
 This is the time, O then be wise!
 Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
 night?
- 3 Our God in pity lingers still,
 And wilt thou thus His love requite?
 Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
 Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
 night?
- 4 The world has nothing left to give,
 It has no new, no pure delight;
 O try the life which Christians live!
 Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
 night!
- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to Him their souls unite;
 Then be the work of grace begun;
 Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
 night?
 MRS. REED.

58

271

7.6. double.

- O** JESU, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er;
 Shame on us, Christian brethren,
 His sacred name who bear;
 O shame—thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there.
- 2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking;
 And lo! that Hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!
- 3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading,
 In accents meek and low—
 'I died for you, My children,
 And will you treat Me so?'
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door:
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us never more!
 W. W. HOW.*

272

L.M.

- O** N Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
 Announces that the Lord is nigh;
 Awake, and hearken! for he brings
 Glad tidings of the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
 Make straight the way for God within;
 Prepare we in our hearts a home,
 Where such a mighty Guest may come.
- 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
 Our Refuge, and our great Reward;
 Without Thy grace we waste away,
 Like flowers that wither and decay.
- 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
 And bid the fallen sinner stand;
 Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
 Earth's own true loveliness once more.
- 5 All praise, O Saviour Christ, to Thee,
 Whose Advent doth Thy people free;
 Whom with the Father we adore,
 And Holy Ghost for evermore.
 C. COFFIN, trans. J. CHANDLER.

273

S.M.

- R** ETURN, and come to God;
 Cast all your sins away;
 Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,
 Repent—believe—obey.
- 2 Say not, ye cannot come,
 For Jesus bled and died;
 That none who ask in humble faith
 Should ever be denied.
- 3 Say not, ye will not come;
 'Tis God vouchsafes to call,
 And fearful will their end be found
 On whom His wrath shall fall.
- 4 Come, then, whoever will:
 Come, while 'tis called to-day;

THE GOSPEL CALL.

Seek now the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent—believe—obey.

G. M. DOANE.

274

L.M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

W. B. COLLYER.

275

8.7.

SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father, and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

4 But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

5 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

6 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

F. W. FABER.

276

8.7.

WAS there ever kindest shepherd,
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

F

5 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
And, oh, come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

277

C.M.

THE Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come! 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

A. STEELE.

278

7.6.

TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been;
However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
Thy precious blood can cleanse us,
And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us;
His Holy Spirit waits;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home!

4 O all-embracing mercy!
O ever-open door!
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer!

O. ALLEN.

279

S.M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

59

*

THE GOSPEL CALL.

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!
- 3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

DODDRIDGE.

280

WEARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His:
Wash in His atoning blood,
Rise into the life of God.

- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by His fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

WESLEY.*

281

WELCOME, welcome! sinner, hear!
Hang not back through shame or
fear;

- Doubt not, nor distrust the call;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.
- 2 Welcome to the offered peace;
Welcome, prisoner, to release;—
Burst thy bonds; be saved; be free;
Rise and come—He calleth thee.
- 3 Welcome, weeping penitent;
Grace has made thy heart relent;
Welcome, long-estranged child;
God in Christ is reconciled.
- 4 All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest!
All is ready: hear the call,
There is ample room for all.
- 5 O the virtue of that price,
That redeeming sacrifice!
Come, ye bought, but not with gold;
Welcome to the sacred fold!

J. CONDER.

282

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than He hath done for you?

60

To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His blood!
If your death were His delight,
Would He you to life invite?
Would He ask, beseech, and cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

- 2 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think Him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
All day long He spreads His hands,
Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
No, ye will not come to Me!
Me, who life to none deny;
Why will you resolve to die?"
- 3 Can ye doubt if God is love,
If to all His mercies move?
Will ye not His word receive?
Will ye not His oath believe?
See! your suffering Lord appears!
Jesus weeps!—believe His tears!
Mingled with His blood, they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

WESLEY.*

283

WHEN some kind shepherd from the
fold

- Has lost a straying sheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious
roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 But O the joy, the transport sweet,
When he the wanderer finds!
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns,
And with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
- 5 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.
- 6 Angels rejoice in louder strains,
And seraphs feel new fire;
"A sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

J. NEEDHAM.

284

YE heavy-laden souls,
With guilt and fear oppress,
Come! for the great Redeemer calls,
And calls to give you rest.

- 2 However great your load,
Or heavy be your grief,
Come to the blessed Son of God,
And you shall find relief.
- 3 Why hesitate and doubt,
Why so reluctant seem?
When did He shut a sinner out
That ever came to Him?
- 4 He stands with open arms,
Inviting sinners home;

S.M.

PENITENCE.

His voice contains a thousand charms,
And every charm says, 'Come!'

- 5 Come, then, without delay,
And enter into rest;
With gratitude His voice obey,
And be for ever blest!

S. DEACON.

285

C.M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous
store

For every humble guest.

- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, He bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room:—
3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart
That trembles at His feet.

- 4 O come! and with His children taste
The blessings of His love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

- 5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore:
Approach, there yet is room!

A. STEELE.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PENITENCE.

286

C.M.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to
smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

- 5 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

J. MORRISON.

287

7-77.

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

- 2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

- 3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

- 4 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

- 5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

- 6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal. G. THRING.

288

L.M.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.

- 3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:
Here, then, to Thee I all resign,
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

- 4 What shall I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but Thou hast died!
WESLEY.*

289

8.7.6.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free:
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me, &c.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour:
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me, &c.

- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit!
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me, &c.

- 5 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me—
Even me, &c.

E. CODNER.

61

290

7-7-7.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray.

2 LORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

3 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

4 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

5 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

I. WILLIAMS.

291

L.M.

MY God (O let me call Thee mine!
Weak, wretched sinner though I
be),

My trembling soul would fain be Thine;
My feeble faith still clings to Thee

2 Not only for the past I grieve,
The future fills me with dismay;
Unless Thou hasten to relieve,
Thy suppliant is a castaway.

3 I cannot say my faith is strong,
I dare not hope my love is great;
But strength and love to Thee belong:
O do not leave me desolate!

4 I know I owe my all to Thee;
O take the heart I cannot give!
Do Thou my strength—my Saviour be,
And make me to Thy glory live.

A. BRONTË.

292

7.6.

MY sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall,
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all!

I know they are forgiven,
But still their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew,
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;
Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
To look up I'm not able,
Save only, Christ, to Thee:
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace,
My shadow and my sunshine
The brightness of Thy face.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

293

C.M.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O! shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell:
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

J. MARDLEY and R. HEBER.

294

S.M.

OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

4 I need not fear my foes;
I need not yield to care;
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will welcome me.

A. BRONTË.

295

7A.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O! by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

FAITH IN CHRIST.

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold!
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn Litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

R. GRANT.

296

78. **S**INFUL, sighing to be blest,
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
"God be merciful to me!"

2 Holiness I've none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need:
"God be merciful to me!"

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
"God be merciful to me!"

4 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
"God be merciful to me!"

5 He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be;
He's my all, and for His sake,
"God be merciful to me!"

J. S. B. MONSELL.

297

L.M. **W**ITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
'Thy pardoning grace is rich and free!
'O God, be merciful to me!'

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppress—
Christ and His cross my only plea;
'O God, be merciful to me!'

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
'O God, be merciful to me!'

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
'O God, be merciful to me!'

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
'God has been merciful to me!'

C. ELVEN.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

298

R.M. **A**H! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home;
And yet from Him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away!

WESLEY.

299

C.M. **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-
seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

J. NEWTON.

300

L.M. **D**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart;
O Lord, to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.
DODDRIDGE.*

301

DID Jesus die, but not for me? L.M.
Am I forbid to seek my God?
Is there not pardon rich and free
Proclaimed through Jesus' precious
blood?

- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From Thee, my God, to black despair?
Who has surveyed the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the
bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember Thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at Thy side.
- 5 Lord, at Thy feet I'll cast me down,
To Thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if Thou spurn me from Thy throne,
I'll be the first who perished there!
R. CRUTENDEN.

302

HEAL us, Emmanuel, we are here C.M.
Waiting to feel Thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"O help my unbelief!"
- 4 She too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view;
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we
come,
To touch Thee, if we may:
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away!
COWPER.

303

I BRING my sins to Thee, 6666.88.
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened Fount,
64

I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

- 2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.
- 3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot tell;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.
- 4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be.
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.
- 5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.
- 6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!
F. R. HAVERGAL.

304

I COULD not do without Thee, 7.6
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea!

- 2 I could not do without Thee!
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.
- 3 I could not do without Thee!
For, O! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song;
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.
- 4 I could not do without Thee,
O JESUS, Saviour dear!
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near;
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

FAITH IN CHRIST.

5 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."
F. R. HAVERGAL.

305

C.M. double.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
vived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done!
H. BONAR.

306

7.6.7.6.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God,
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains!

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine,
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline;
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child!

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.
H. BONAR.

307

7.6.7.6.

I N full and glad surrender,
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only,
And evermore to be.

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have, and am, Lord,
Shall henceforth be Thine own!

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
O make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 O! come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee my King!
F. R. HAVERGAL.

308

7.6.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To cheer my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!
F. WHITFIELD.

309

65.65. double.

JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee
with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst
make me whole.
There is none in heaven or on earth
like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners—there-
fore, Lord, for me.

- 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, name of
matchless worth
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous
birth;
Written, and for ever, on Thy cross
of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting
in that name.
- 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering
Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine
earthly days:
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers
sought Thy face—
None too vile or loathsome for a
Saviour's grace.
- 4 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without
a doubt;
"Whosoever cometh Thou wilt not
cast out;"
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is
Thy blood—
These my soul's salvation, Thou my
Saviour God!

M. J. WALKER.

310

108

- JESUS, if Thou hast brought me to
Thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
Ne'er may I trust in any arm but Thine,
Nor hope but in Thy righteousness
divine:
In life and death be this my only plea,
That Thou on Calvary didst die for me!
- 2 My holiest deeds, imperfect and defiled,
Are but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, this is their bright-
est part,
That they are offerings of a thankful
heart;
These I renounce, be this my only plea,
That Thou on Calvary didst die for me!
- 3 Cleansed in Thy own all-purifying blood,
Forgive the evil and accept the good:
Thee may I follow with a swifter pace,
Led by Thy hand, supported by Thy
grace;
Yet living, dying, this be all my plea,
That Thou on Calvary didst die for me!
- 4 While struggling in this vale of griefs
and tears,
Of doubts and conflicts, enemies and
fears,
This is my joy, that Thou art all my trust;
And this my joy when sinking in the
dust;
And at Thy judgment-seat be this my
plea,
That Thou on Calvary didst die for me!
- 5 And O! beyond the regions of the tomb,
Beyond the awful day of general doom,
In brighter worlds, in happy realms of
love,
My joy below be still my joy above;
High heaven shall hear a ransomed
sinner's plea,
That Thou on Calvary didst die for me!
- COWPER and J. G. PIKE.

311

78.

- JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
- 4 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
- 6 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

WESLEY.

312

65.

- JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry!
- 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.
- 5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry!

G. R. PRYNNE.

313

L. M.

- JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all His paths are peace.
- 3 No adversary walks therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,
Alone shall in the way be found.
- 4 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! I am the Way."

FAITH IN CHRIST.

5 Lo! glad I come: and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am!
My sinful self to Thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"
J. GENNICK.*

314 888.6

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Fight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,—
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height
to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

C. ELLIOTT.

315 8.M.

LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin:
From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me
With care and woe oppressed;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me
Amid the battle's strife:
In all my pain and misery,
Be Thou my health and life.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray:
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
When blows the tempest high;
When on doth rush the enemy,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh!

6 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.
SYNESIUS, *trans.* A. W. CHATFIELD.

316 L.M.

LORD, when my thoughts, delighted,
rove
Amid the wonders of Thy love,
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

2 Guilty and weak, to Thee I fly,
On Thy atoning blood rely;
And on Thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to Thy single praise!
And let my glad obedience prove,
How much I owe, how much I love!
A. STEELE.

317 664.6664.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O may I from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

RAY PALMER.

318 L.M.

MY heart, O God, be wholly Thine,
I would not keep it back from
Thee;
Nor wish to shun the grace divine,
Which asks this humble gift of me.

2 O take it now, and let Thy love
For evermore within me dwell;
And may Thy Spirit from above
Teach me to serve my Master well.

3 Afar be every thought of sin,
Afar be every wish to stray;
Let truth and holiness begin
To lead me up the heavenward way.

- 4 Make this my only aim and care,
To seek Thy praise in all I do;
To consecrate each act with prayer,
As I my daily work pursue.
- 5 More like to Thee, my blessèd Lord,
I would be, as my days pass by,
With patience, love, and wisdom stored,
Ready to live, and fit to die.

W. J. MATHAMS.

319

L.M.

- NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

WATTS.

320

S.M.

- NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain.
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.

WATTS.

321

S.M.

- NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul:
Not what this tolling flesh has borne,
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do,
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears,
Can bear my awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

68

- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
- 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
- 6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.
- 7 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

H. BONAR.

322

S.

- NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain!
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father! Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
My soul from condemnation free,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and
skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
- 4 Fixed on this ground would I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay:
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

J. A. ROTHE, trans. J. WESLEY.*

323

L.M.

- O COME, Thou wounded Lamb of
God!
Come wash us in Thy cleansing blood.
Give us to taste Thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there!
- 3 How blest are they who still abide,
Close sheltered near Thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from Thee derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 First-born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee both earth and heaven must
bow;
Help us to Thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

GERMAN HYMN, trans. J. WESLEY.*

FAITH IN CHRIST.

324

- O** EVERLASTING Light!
 Shine graciously within;
 Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
 Come, shine away my sin!
- 2 O everlasting Truth!
 Truest of all that's true;
 Sure guide of erring age or youth,
 Lead me and teach me too!
- 3 O everlasting Strength!
 Uphold me in the way:
 Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
 To joy and light and day!
- 4 O everlasting Love!
 Well-spring of grace and peace;
 Pour down Thy fulness from above;
 Bid doubt and trouble cease!
- 5 O everlasting Rest!
 Lift off life's load of care;
 Believe, revive this burdened breast,
 And every sorrow bear.
- 6 Thou art in heaven our all;
 Our all on earth art Thou;
 Upon Thy glorious name we call,
 Lord Jesus, bless us now!

S.M.

H. BONAR.

325

- O** FOR a single heart for God!
 To follow Him alone;
 Wholly and fully Him to serve,
 Who did for sin atone.
- 2 Why should my heart divided be?
 Thou art my only Lord,
 Who didst create me, hast redeemed,
 And wilt Thy help afford.
- 3 I cannot serve the Lord and sin;
 I would decided be;
 Though shame, reproach, and loss attend,
 By grace I will serve Thee.
- 4 Unite my heart to fear Thy name,
 Let all its powers be one;
 Let love and hope, desire and joy,
 Be fixed for Christ alone.

C.M.

E. BICKERSTETH.

326

- O** THOU who hast redeemed of old,
 And bidd'st me of Thy strength
 lay hold,
 And be at peace with Thee;
 Help me Thy benefits to own,
 And make me know what Thou hast
 done,
 O dying Lamb, for me!
- 2 Vouchsafe the eye of faith to see
 The Man transfixed on Calvary,
 To know Thee, who Thou art,—
 The one eternal God and true!
 And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
 Reveal the charity divine,
 That suffered in my stead;

886.886.

- That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
 And closed in death those gracious eyes,
 And bowed that sacred head.
- 4 The veil of unbelief remove;
 And by Thy manifested love,
 And by Thy sprinkled blood,
 Destroy the love of sin in me,
 And get Thyself the victory,
 And bring me back to God.

WESLEY.*

327

- R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

75.

A. M. TOPLADY.

328

- S**ON of God, to Thee I cry;
 By the holy mystery
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
 By Thy pure and holy birth,—
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,
 Manifest Thyself to me!
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
 By Thy bitter agony,
 By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
 By Thy spirit's parting groan,—
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,
 Manifest Thyself to me!
- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
 By Thy glorious majesty,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 Meek to suffer, strong to save,—
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,
 Manifest Thyself to me!
- 4 Lord of Glory, God most High,
 Man exalted to the sky,
 With Thy love my bosom fill;
 Prompt me to perform Thy will;
 Then Thy glory I shall see,
 Thou wilt bring me home to Thee!

75

R. MANT.*

329

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

C.M.

69

And sinners, plunged beneath that
flood,

Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

330

THINE for ever! God of love, 78.

Hear us from Thy throne above,
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

- 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever! O how blest,
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

M. F. MAUDE.

331

WEARY of earth and laden with ros.
my sin,

I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
"Come."

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne
appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to
draw me near.
- 3 It is the voice of JESUS that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to
draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the
throne.
- 4 O great absolver, grant my soul may
wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and
prayer,

70

That in the FATHER'S courts my
glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteous-
ness.

- 5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, right-
eous LORD;
Thine all the merits, mine the great
reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the
golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life
laid down.
- 6 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all
I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. STONE.

332

WEARY with my load of sin, 78.
All diseased and faint within;

See me, Lord, Thy grace entreat,
See me prostrate at Thy feet:
Here before Thy cross I lie,
Here I live or here I die.

- 2 I have tried and tried in vain
Many ways to ease my pain:
Now all other hope is past,
Only this is left at last,
Here before Thy cross I lie,
Here I live or here I die.
- 3 If I perish be it here,
With the Friend of sinners near:
Lord, it is enough—I know
Never sinner perished so!
Here before Thy cross I lie,
Here I cannot, cannot die.

W. ROBINSON.

TRUST AND PEACE.

333

c.M. double.

AS helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm;
So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine Almighty power.

- 2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.
- 3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society;
So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me,
Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

J. D. BURNS.

334

10. 10. 11. 11.

BEGONE, unbelief ;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear :
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
Tis mine to obey ;
'Tis His to provide ;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to stink.
He cannot have taught me
To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame.
- 4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ?
He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.
- 5 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up
That sinners might live ;
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine ;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine ?
- 6 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine food ;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long ;
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song !

J. NEWTON.

335

L.M.

BENEATH Thy wing, O God, I rest,
Under Thy shadow safely lie,
By Thine own strength in peace possess'd,
While dreaded evils pass me by.

- 2 With strong desire I here can stay
To see Thy love its work complete ;
Here can I wait a long delay,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.
- 3 My place of lowly service too,
Beneath that sheltering wing I see ;
For all the work I have to do
Is done through strengthening trust
in Thee.

4 In faith and patience is repose,
In faith and rest my strength shall be ;
And, when Thy joy the church o'erflows,
I know that it will visit me.

A. L. WARING.

336

L.M.

BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and
snares ;

- They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.
- 2 When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call ?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 4 He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through ;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.
- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God ;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

J. NEWTON.

337

S.M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,

- To His sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands ;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.
- 6 Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 7 Through waves, and clouds, and
storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

P. GERHARDT, trans. J. WESLEY*

338

78.

DAY by day the manna fell,
O to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

71

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Day by day, the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord! my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make that promise mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own,—my Father's will.
- 5 O to live with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude:
Strong in faith, exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer!

J. CONDER.

339

L.M.

- F**ATHER, beneath Thy sheltering
wing,
In sweet security we rest!
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.
- 2 For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The life divine, that all things sways.
- 3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win;
And naught is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.
- 4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide;
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

340

86, 86, 86.

- F**ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;

72

Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

- 6 Briars beset our every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And earnest need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy anywhere.
- 7 In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught "the truth,"
That makes Thy children "free";
A life of self-renouncing love,
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. WARING.*

341

86, 86, 86.

- G**O not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away—
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.
- 2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less;
O 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness!
- 3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the
storm,
As in a secret place.
- 4 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.
- 5 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified;
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

A. L. WARING.

342

8, 8, 6.

- H**E bids us come! His voice we know,
And boldly on the waters go
To Him, our Lord and God:
We walk on life's tempestuous sea,
For He who died to set us free,
Hath called us by His word.
- 2 Secure from troubled waves we tread,
Nor all the storms around us heed,
While to our Lord we look;
O'er every fierce temptation bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.
- 3 But if from Him we turn our eye,
And see the raging floods run high,

TRUST AND PEACE.

And feel our fears within,
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,
Then doubt and unbelief prevail,
And sink us into sin.

- 4 Lord, we our unbelief confess,
Our little spark of faith increase,
That we may doubt no more;
But fix on Thee a steady eye,
And on Thine outstretched arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.

WESLEY.

343

HOW dark, how desolate
Would many a moment be,
Could we not spring, on hope's bright
wing,

S. M.

O God, to heaven and Thee!

- 2 And sometimes streaks of light
And sunny beams we see;
They shine so bright through sorrow's
night,
They needs must come from Thee.

- 3 So shall a morning dawn,
When earthly shades are o'er,
Whose smiling ray shall wake a day
That night shall cloud no more.

- 4 Blest hope! and sure as blest!
Life's shades of misery
Shall soon be past, and joy at last
Give us to heaven and Thee.

J. BOWRING.

344

"*How long, O Lord, how long?*" Thy
children sigh,

108.

Out of the depths where overwhelmed
they lie;

"Behold we faint beneath Thy chastening
rod,

Where is our Father? where the living
God?"

- 2 "*Rest in the Lord; wait patiently for
Him;*"

What though the way seem long, His
coming dim!

His chariot through the ages speeds al-
way:

A thousand years with Him are but one
day.

- 3 Wait for the Lord, and though He
tarry, wait;

Ten thousand suppliants throng His
palace-gate,

Yet not one felleth audience to obtain,
None is forgotten, none can plead in
vain.

J. B. GREENWOOD.

345

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.

76.76.

The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.

My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;

My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

A. L. WARING.

346

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious name, C. M.
Abounding with delight;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

- 2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And droop, like withering flowers?
Nor time nor death can break that band
Which makes Jehovah ours.

- 3 My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust;
Well may I trust my all with Him,
With whom my soul I trust.

DODDRIDGE.

347

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him, what'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can
move.

88.

- 2 What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

- 3 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take what'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent:
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

- 4 He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And art made free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

- 5 Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man, whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred:
Time passes, and much change doth
bring,

And sets a bound to everything.

6 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee:
God never yet forsook at need,
The soul that trusted Him indeed.
NEUMARCK, *trans.* C. WINKWORTH.

348

6.5. "LOOKING unto Jesus"
With the eye of faith,
Telling Him our troubles,
Hearing what He saith,—
Like the day-spring stealing
Through the shades of night,
Silently it turneth
Darkness into light.

2 "Looking unto Jesus,"
In a sweet accord
Knitteth the disciple
To the absent Lord:
To our soul's complainings
Jesus giveth heed,
Pouring out His fulness
Over all our need.

3 "Looking unto Jesus,"
In the stormy day,
'Tis His gracious Spirit
Cheers us on our way:
Looking still to Jesus,
When the storms retreat,
He will be our shelter
From the noontide heat!

4 "Looking unto Jesus"
From the bed of pain,
As a suffering brother,
Jesus will sustain.
Looking still to Jesus,
In the hour of death,
Lo! "the everlasting"
Arms are underneath."

J. CREWDSON.

349

8.7. LORD, we know that Thou art near us,
L Though Thou seem'st to hide Thy face;
And are sure that Thou dost hear us,
Though no answer we embrace.

2 Not one promise shall miscarry;
Not one blessing come too late;
Though the vision long may tarry,
Give us patience, Lord, to wait!

3 While withholding, Thou art giving
In Thine own appointed way;
And while waiting we're receiving
Blessings suited to our day.

4 O the wondrous loving-kindness,
Planning, working out of sight!
Bearing with us in our blindness!
Out of darkness bringing light.

5 Weaving blessings out of trials;
Out of grief evolving bliss:
Answering prayer by wise denials
When Thy children ask amiss!

6 And when faith shall end in vision,
And when prayer is lost in praise;
Then shall love, in full fruition,
Justify Thy secret ways.
J. CREWDSON.

350

C.M. MY Father, it is good for me
To trust, and not to trace;
And wait, with deep humility,
For Thy revealing grace.

2 Lord! when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love Thee in the mystery,
I trust Thy providence.

3 I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

4 So, faith and patience! wait awhile!
Not doubting, not in fear;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

5 Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,
Its dim uncertain night;
Bring in the grand apocalypse,
Reveal the perfect light.

G. RAWSON.

351

108. NOT what I am, O Lord, but what
Thou art:
That, that alone can be my soul's true
rest;

Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt
depart,
And stills the tempest of my throbbing
breast.

2 Thy name is love! I hear it from yon
cross;
Thy name is love! I hear it from yon
tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's
thickest gloom.

3 Gilt with the love of God on every
side,
Breathing that love as Heaven's own
healing air,

I work or wait, still following my Guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

4 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and
God,

That fills my soul with peace, my lips
with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff,
and rod;

Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am
strong.

5 More of Thyself, O show me hour by
hour!

More of Thy glory—O my God and
Lord!

More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and
power;

More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate
Word!

B. BONAR.

TRUST AND PEACE.

352

L. M.

- O** BLESSED life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous
seems;
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.
- 2 O blessed life! the mind that sees,—
Whatever change the years may bring,—
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.
- 3 O blessed life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.
- 4 O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all—at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.
- 5 O life! how blessed! how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed life be mine.
W. T. MATSON.

353

C. M.

- O** FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe:—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:—
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled;
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, what'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.
W. H. BATHURST.

354

8.8.8.4.

- O** LAMB of God! that tak'st away
Our sin, and bid'st our sorrow
cease,
Turn Thou, O turn this night to day;
Grant us Thy peace!
- 2 The troubled world hath war without;
The restless wayward heart within
Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
And death and sin.
- 3 And there are needs that none can know;
And tears no eye but Thine can see;

Hopes naught can satisfy below:
We look to Thee!

- 4 Probe deep the wound if so Thou wilt,
If pain must wake us. Purge our cross;
Help us to lay our load of guilt
Beneath Thy cross.
- 5 That we, amid the toil and strife,
And storms that never end below,
Through all the change and chance of
life,
Thy peace may know:
- 6 The peace that is not ours but Thine—
O safe and true and deathless thus!—
'Gainst which all storms in vain com-
bine,
Grant, grant to us! A. BOND.

355

886.886.

- O** LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.
- 2 How far from this our daily life!
How oft disturbed by anxious strife!
By sudden wild alarms!
O! could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!
- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God;
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.
- 4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and
flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.
J. ANSTICE.

356

78.

- Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Humble, upright, free from art;
Make me as a little child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me thankfully receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,—
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
J. NEWTON

357

C.M.

- R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint;
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

J. NEWTON.

358

S.M.

- S**AY not, my soul, "From whence
Can God relieve my care?"
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.
- 2 God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed;
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.
- 3 His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.
- 4 Hast thou assumed a load,
Which few will share with thee,—
And art thou carrying it for God,
And shall He fail to see?
- 5 Be comforted at heart,
Thou art not left alone;
Now, thou the Lord's companion art;
Soon, thou wilt share His throne.

T. T. LYNCH.

359

64, 64, 6664.

- T**HOU, Lord, my path shalt choose,
And my Guide be.
What shall I fear to lose
While I have Thee?
This be my portion blest,—
On my Redeemer's breast,
In peaceful trust to rest;
He cares for me!
- 2 This lightens every cross,
Cheers every ill;
Suffer I grief or loss,
It is Thy will!
One who makes no mistake,
Chooseth the way I take;
He, who can ne'er forsake,
Holds my hand still.
- 3 Sweet words of peace and love
Christ whispers me:
*Bearing my soul above
Life's troubled sea.*

76

This be my portion blest,—
On my Redeemer's breast,
In peaceful trust to rest:
He cares for me!

- 4 Christ died my love to win,
Christ is my tower!
He will be with me in
Each trying hour.
He makes the wounded whole,
He will my heart console,
He will uphold my soul
By His own power.
- 5 To Thee, the only Wise,
Whatever be,
I will lift up mine eyes,
Joyful in Thee.
This be my portion blest,—
On my Redeemer's breast,
In peaceful trust to rest:
He cares for me!

Trans. from German.

360

C.M.

- T**HOU only source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in Thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, when'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But, ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
O come with blissful ray!
Break radiant through the shades of
night,
And chase my fears away.
- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love;
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

A. STEELE.

361

S.M.

- T**HOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul, which still on Thee is stay'd,
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul in faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
When'er Thy face appears:
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

TRUST AND PEACE.

- 5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ begun.

C. WESLEY.*

362

C.M.

- THOU, who our faithless hearts canst
read,
And know'st each weakness there;
Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we
plead,
O turn not from our prayer!
- 2 We cannot grasp from hour to hour
The truths Thy gospel saith;
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
And so increase our faith,
- 3 That we may trust Thy guardian care,
When no kind hand we see;
That we may lift our souls in prayer
Undoubtingly to Thee.
- 4 Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight:
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and
glean
Some beams of heavenly light.
- 5 Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven.

J. B. BROWN.

363

76.76.

- THOU Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast.
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour mine!
- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies;
O Thou, whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies!
O Thou, whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me,
With threefold cords to Thee!
- 3 O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee,
In deed, or word, or thought!
O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

364

C.M.

WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.
- 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.
- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
- 5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Cong. Supplement.

365

8.8.8.4.

- WE cannot always trace the way,
Where Thou, our gracious Lord,
dost move,
But we can always surely say
That Thou art Love.
- 2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, our souls to heaven above
As to their sanctuary spring;
For Thou art Love.
- 3 When mystery shrouds our darkened
path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts
reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art Love.
- 4 Yes, Thou art Love—a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
Our God is Love!

J. BOWRING.

366

C.M.

- WE walk by faith, and not by sight;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spoke as never man,
But we believe Him near.
- 2 We may not touch His hands and side,
Ner follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, 'My Lord and God!'
- 3 Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found.
- 4 That when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

H. ALFORD.

367

L.M.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

- 2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

A. STEELE.

368

L.M.

- WHEN darkness long has veiled my
mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I hide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.
- 3 O let me, then, at length, be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord! one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious child is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

COWPER.

369

7^B.

- WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.
- 2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless, let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
- 3 Though it be the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.
- Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.
- Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where He calls us, there to go;
What He bids us, that to do.

T. KELLY.

370

8.7.

- WHO trusts in God, a strong abode
In heaven and earth possesses;
Who looks in love to Christ above,
No fear his heart oppresses.
- 2 In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own
Sweet hope and consolation;
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
Our great and sure salvation!
- 3 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
Whilst Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us.
- 4 Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.
- 5 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.
- M. LUTHER, *trans.* B. H. KENNEDY.

371

87.87.47.

- WHY those fears?—behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the
ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known;
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Led by faith, we brave the ocean;
Led by faith, the storms defy;
Calm amid the wild commotion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.
- 4 Rendered safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.
- 5 O what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us,
Shall molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

T. KELLY.

372

108.

- YES, I do feel, my God, that I am
Thine,
Thou art my joy, myself mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at
Thy shrine—
'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

- 2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer
leaf;
Yet, O forgive; I doubt not, though I
fear—
'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'
- 3 True, I am weak, and poor, and blind
—but then
I know the source whence I can draw
relief;
And when cast down, I still can plead
again—
'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'
- 4 O draw me nearer—for, too far away,
The beamings of Thy brightness are
too brief—
While faith, though fainting, still hath
strength to pray—
'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'
- J. S. B. MONSELL.

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

373

- B**LEST be Thy love, dear Lord, S.M.
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.
- 2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.
- J. AUSTIN.

374

- D**O not I love Thee, O my Lord? C.M.
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cherished idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead.
- 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of Thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
- 6 Thou know'st I love Thee, O my Lord:
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.
- DODDRIDGE.

375

- H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord; 78.
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me!
- 2 'I delivered thee when bound;
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be,—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'
- 6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!
- COWPER.

376

- I** WOULD commune with Thee, my C.M.
God;
E'en to Thy seat I come:
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.
- 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll:—
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- 4 O this is life! O this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so!
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear;
And all Thy love to know.
- G. B. BUBIER.

377

- J**ESUS, gentlest Saviour! 65.
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In Thy saints this hour.
- 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.
- 3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.
- 4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Be Thou in us now;
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear;
And, dear Lord! the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

F. W. FABER.*

378

S.M.

JESUS! I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best:
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus! I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come:
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine:
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

H. HARBAUGH.

379

C.M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream, that comes
Unthought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall
seal,
And still this throbbing heart;
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

RAY PALMER.

380

8s.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue
declare;

O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine, only Thine, O let me be,
And all my heart be rapt in Thee!

* My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me,
In shame, and want, and pain hast
showed;

80

For me, on the accursed tree,
Was pour'd forth Thy guiltless blood:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!

3 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power:
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be Thou my guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died.
P. GERHARDT, trans. WESLEY.*

381

L.M.

LORD, I was blind: I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead: I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5 Lord, Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and lo! I break
The chains of my captivity.

W. T. MATSON.

382

78.

LORD of earth! Thy forming hand
Well this glorious frame hath
planned;

Woods that wave and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in its power;
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's eternal reign,
Parted hands shall meet again;
O that scene is passing fair!
Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest;
I was lost, Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child;
O should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were heaven or earth to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

R. GRANT.

383

C.M.

MY blessed Saviour, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
O let me give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to Thee!

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

- 2 I love Thee, for that glorious worth
In Thy great self I see;
I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for Thy foes, Lord, Thou wast slain;
What love with Thine can vie?
- 4 Make me like Thee in meekness, love,
And every beauteous grace;
From glory unto glory changed
Till I behold Thy face.

J. STENNETT.

384

C.M.

MY God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;
- 3 And griefs, and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself,—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my most loving King.

F. XAVIER, trans. E. CASWALL.

385

C.M.

MY God, I love Thee for Thyself,
All creature things above,—
Thy glorious works, Thy blessèd gifts
I praise;—but Thee I love.

- 2 My God, I seek Thee for Thyself,—
Besides, I ask not aught;
If Thee, Thyself, I do not find,
All that I find is naught.
- 3 If Thou deniest me Thyself,
Whate'er Thou givest me,
Empty and void, I languish still,
And grieve unceasingly
- 4 Give me to find, O gracious God,
Thee, as my final end:—
To Thee in constancy of love,
Eternally to tend.

G. B. BUBIER.

386

64.64.664.

NEARER, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

S. F. ADAMS.

387

C.M.

O LORD! I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend!

- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain, which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound
While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee!
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

J. RYLAND.

388

8.8.6.

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
My thirsting spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:

The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see:
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:

O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine:
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit,

With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

WESLEY.*

389

C.M.

SPEAK to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget

All time and toil and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,

And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;

'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,

Till I Thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

WESLEY.*

390

S.M.

STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in,

And calls me back to care;
Each day returning, to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,

And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

4 With Thee when darkness brings

The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith

Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. BURNS.

391

8s.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have
shined;

I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded
mind;

I thank Thee, Lord, whose quickening
voice

Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,

Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Transfigure with Thy heavenly light.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,

Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

A. SILESIOUS, trans. J. WESLEY.*

392

8s.

THOU hidden Love of God, whose
height,

Whose depth unfathomed no man
knows,

I see from far Thy beauteous light,

Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought

My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun

That strives with Thee my heart to
share?

Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

4 O love, Thy sovereign aid impart,

To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my
heart,

Through all its latent mazes there;

Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry!

G. TERSTEEGEN, trans. J. WESLEY.

393

10s.

THAT mystic word of Thine, O
sovereign Lord,

Is all too pure, too high, too deep for
me;

OBEDIENCE AND HOLINESS.

Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.
2 Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee!
From this good hour, O leave me never more!
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.
3 Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

4 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.
5 Abide in me; there have been moments blest
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power,
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.
6 These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfill at once Thy precept and my prayer—
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee!

H. B. STOWE.

394

64, 64, 66j.

WALKING with Thee, my God,
Saviour benign,
Daily confer on me
Converse divine;
Jesus! in Thee restored,
Brother and Holy Lord,
Let it be mine!
2 Walking with Thee, my God,
Like as a child
Leans on his father's strength,
Crossing the wild,
And by the way is taught
Lessons of holy thought,
Faith undefiled.
3 Darkness and earthly mists
How do they flee
Far underneath my feet,
Walking with Thee!
Pure is that upper air,
Cloudless the prospect there,
Walking with Thee!
4 Walking in reverence
"Humbly" with Thee;
Yet from all abject fear
Lovingly free;
E'en as a friend with friend,
Cheered to the journey's end,
Walking with Thee!

5 Then Thy companions here
Walking with Thee
Rise to a higher life—
Soul-liberty;
"They are not," here to love,
But to the home above
"Taken" by Thee.
6 Gently translated, they
Pass out of sight:
Gone! as the morning stars
Flee with the night:
"Taken," to endless day!—
So may I fade away
Into Thy light.

G. RAWSON.

OBEDIENCE AND HOLINESS.

395

L. M.

A NEW and contrite heart create
In me, Thou God compassionate!
Shut close the gate, and keep the door,
That sin may never enter more.
2 To Thee my soul I open wide:
Come, Jesus, and therein abide!
And from Thy temple, Lord, my heart,
Bid all unrighteousness depart!
3 O let Thy Holy Spirit's light,
And Thine own heavenly radiance bright,
O'erflow my spirit like a flood,
Eternal source of every good!
4 Thus to my cleansed and contrite heart,
Thy heavenly riches, Lord, impart;
And let Thy wisdom, truth, and grace,
Take root within the barren place.
5 Then shall I tell in grateful song
The praises that to Thee belong;
And while I live my joy shall be
To consecrate myself to Thee!

NEUSS, trans. F. E. COX.

396

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.
2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King:
3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

J. KEBLE.

397

L. M.

GREAT Teacher of Thy Church, we
own
Thy precepts all divinely wise;
O may Thy mighty power be shown,
To fix them still before our eyes!

83

2 Deep on our hearts Thy law engrave,
And fill our souls with heavenly zeal;
That while we trust Thy power to save,
We may Thy sacred law fulfil.

3 Adorned with every heavenly grace,
May our examples brightly shine;
And the sweet lustre of Thy face,
Reflected, beam from each of Thine.

4 These lineaments, divinely fair,
Our heavenly Father shall proclaim;
And men that view His image there,
Shall join to glorify His name.

DODDRIDGE.

398

S.M.

HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day;
True let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true:
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.

4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief,
"Lord, I believe," O hear my cry,
"Help Thou my unbelief!"

H. BONAR.

399

C.M.

MY Father, God! with filial awe,
I lovingly adore;
And pray to keep Thy Spirit's law,
With true heart more and more.

2 Forgiveness so my soul hath stirred,
Subdued and reconciled,
I must obey my Father's word,
His dear word to His child.

3 My Father's word! and therefore dear,
And blessed to fulfil!
With perfect love that casts out fear,
Would I perform Thy will.

4 The mind that was in Christ supply,
The Spirit of Thy Son!
Then Thou shalt guide me with Thine
eye,
And all Thy will be done!

G. RAWSON.

400

7.6.

MY soul in death was sleeping,
But Thou hast given it life;
And strengthened by Thy Spirit,
I'm ready for the strife.

2 Ready,—though I am weak, Lord,
Though nothing is my own;
For Thou wilt make me strong, Lord,
Leaning on Thee alone.

3 Ready to work or suffer,
To love, and hope, and pray;
Ready to go to Thee, Lord,
When Thou shalt call away.

S. GREG.

401

7.6.

O FOR a heart more fervent,
My God, more purely Thine!
A spirit more observant
Of all Thy laws divine:
Less cold when bent before Thee—
Less careless in Thy sight;
More willing to adore Thee,
And love Thee as it might.

2 Why should I cast behind me
The hope that may be mine?
When God hath not resigned me,
Shall I my God resign?
Leave joy and peace and blessing,
A life—a world of bliss,
For joys not worth possessing
In such a world as this?

3 O for that deep devotion,
That grace, whose strength within
Subdues each wild emotion
Suggested here by sin;
Uplifts each warm affection
And lays it at Thy feet,
Assured that no rejection
The contrite soul shall meet!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

402

C.M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new best name of Love!

WESLEY.

403

L.M.

O FOR a humbler walk with God!
Lord, bend this stubborn heart of
mine;
Subdue each rising, rebel thought,
And all my will conform to Thine.

2 O for a holier walk with God,
A heart from all pollution free!
Expel, O Lord, each sinful love,
And fill my soul with love to Thee.

3 O for a nearer walk with God!
Lord, turn my wandering heart to Thee;
Help me to live by faith in Him
Who lived, and died, and rose for me.

OBEDIENCE AND HOLINESS.

- 4 Lord, send Thy Spirit from above
With light and love and power divine;
And by His all-constraining grace,
Make me, and keep me, ever Thine!

E. HARLAND.

404

C.M.

O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede!
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought:
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4 More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.

5 Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength Divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.

6 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O make me daily through Thy grace
More meet to bear Thy name!

LAVATER, trans. H. B. SMITH.

405

S.M.

O LORD! I look to Thee,
To Thee lift up my heart:
In heaven I would Thy glory see;
Now, therefore, grace impart;—

2 Grace, to prevent my sin,
My passions to subdue,
My heart to change, my soul to win,
My spirit to renew;—

3 Grace, that I ever may
Walk humbly with my God,
And choose the self-renouncing way
The lowly Jesus trod;—

4 Grace, to each stroke to bow,
Gladly each cross to bear,
That, suffering with the Saviour now,
I soon His joy may share;—

5 Grace, to be kind to all,
All to forbear in love,
Gently to deal with those that fall,
Like Him who reigns above;—

6 Grace, onward still to go,
Forward each day to press,
Till Thou the blood-bought prize bestow,
Christ's crown of righteousness.

C. T. ABTLEY.

406

C.M.

O NOT alone in saddest plight
My Lord do I require;
Not only in the thickest fight
And in the sevenfold fire;—

2 Not only when the world invites,
In all its pomp arrayed;
Not only when the tempter fights,
In all his terrors clad.

3 Not only for some task sublime
Thy succour I implore;
Not only on some solemn time
Thy Holy Spirit pour!

4 O ne'er can I my Helper spare;
I want Thee all the way;
I want my Saviour everywhere;
I want Thee every day.

5 Lord! for each daily task of mine
I want Thy quickening power;
I want Thy smile away to shine
The trouble of each hour.

6 I want each joy from Thee to spring,
Each joy for Thee more bright;
Each footstep of Thine ordering,
All light seen in Thy light.

T. H. GILL.

407

C.M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my
ways
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 Lord, send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

WATTS

408

78.

SOURCE of Love and Light of day!
O Tear me from myself away:
Every view and thought of mine
Cast into the mould of Thine.

2 Can I grieve Thee, whom I love—
Thee in whom I live and move?
If my sorrow touch Thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!

3 Still I choose Thee,—follow still
Every notice of Thy will:
But unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

4 Thee relinquished,—how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
Thou alone our comfort art,
Strengtheners of the trembling heart!

Trans. from J. B. M. GUIOR.

85

409

S.M.

- T**EACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine:
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

G. HERBERT.*

410

L.M.

- T**EACH me, O Lord, Thy holy way,
And give me an obedient mind,
That in Thy service I may find
My soul's delight from day to day.
- 2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessed land.
- 3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,
And meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.
- 4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong:
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering
care.
- 5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee;
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
And Thine abounding grace afford.

W. T. MATSON.

411

C.M.

- W**ALK in the light—and thou shalt
own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because on thee the light hath shone
In which is perfect day.
- 2 Walk in the light—and sin abhorred
Shall not defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.
- 3 Walk in the light—and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 4 Walk in the light—so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 5 Walk in the light—thy path shall be,
Though thorny, plain and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

B. BARTON.*

HUMILITY.

412

78.

- L**ORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
L Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be
Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild;
Humble as a little child;
Pleased with what the Lord provides;
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix our souls on Thee;
Every evil let us flee;
Always happy in Thy love;
Looking for our rest above.
- 4 O that all might seek and find
Every good in Christ combined!
O that all might Him adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore!

WESLEY.*

413

C.M.

- O**UR Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts, which are Thy
care,
May live in us and grow.
- 2 For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in Thy sight.
- 3 Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go,
We too may enter in.
- 4 Hear us, our Saviour! ours Thou art,
Though we are not like Thee;
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

G. MACDONALD.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

414

L.M.

- A**ND didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows
take?
And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens
bear?
Didst Thou for love of us forsake
Those glorious heights, that heavenly
air?
- 2 O could our weakness move Thy might?
Our misery make us sought of Thee?
Our gloom allure Thy glory bright?
Our sins win down Thy purity?
- 3 We who so tenderly were sought,
Shall we not joyful seekers be,
And to Thy feet divinely brought,
Help weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee?
- 4 Celestial Seeker, send us forth!
Almighty Lover, teach us love!
When shall we yearn to help our earth,
As yearned the Holy One above?

T. W. GILL.

415

87.87.

"CALL them in!"—the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer,—
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in!"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus:
He is waiting:—"call them in!"

2 "Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in!"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones:—"call them in!"

3 "Call them in!"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender,—
"Twas for sinners Jesus came."
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming:—"call them in!"

A. SHIPTON.

416

L.M.

DEAR Lord! Thy light Thou dost
not hide;
Thy glory will not stay at home:
With us Thy glory may abide;
Thy precious things to us may come.

2 But they are given us not to hoard;
Thy light may not be all our own;
Thou meanest not Thy glory, Lord,
To cheer one dwelling-place alone.

3 Thou lightest souls to beam around;
Thou settest them to shine on high;
Thy children in Thy work abound,
And still their Father glorify.

4 O sweet the Father's smile to win!
What joy, dear Lord, to shine with
Thee!
Thy precious things to welcome in
And entertain Thy radiancy!

5 But O more sweet for Thee to shine,
To pass Thy smile, Thy blessing on!
To bear about the light divine,
And shine as the dear Saviour shone!

6 Father! still shine on us from heaven,
And make us for Thy glory shine;
We would not keep one gift ungiven,
We would not hide one beam of Thine.

T. H. GILL.

417

86.86.86.

DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come!

To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some;
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest,
Wilt Thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His sonship may;
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray!

T. T. LYNCH.

418

L.M.

GO, labour on! spend and be spent.—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on! 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;
The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labour on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away:
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest
gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "*Behold, I come!*"

H. BONAR.

419

88.

I WOULD the precious time redeem.
And longer live for this alone:
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known:
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

2 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to spread Thy word;
And let me to Thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine,
And lead unto Thy open side
The sheep for whom their Shepherd
died.

WESLEY.

87

420

- L**ORD of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.
- 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Lord, send us out to be;
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.
- 3 Be with us, God the Father;
Be with us, Christ the Son;
Be with us, Holy Spirit;
O bless'd Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

421

- L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone:
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungry ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

L.M.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

422

MAKE use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot—
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

S.M.

7.6.

- 2 I am Thy creature, Lord!
And made by hands divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.
- 3 Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be:
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.
- 4 All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
Thou Maker of us all!

H. BONAR.*

423

L.M.

- M**Y gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

DODDRIDGE.

424

L.M.

- O** THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze!
And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for Thee:
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me:—
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

WESLEY.

425

78.

- S**OLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky:
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward, lift it high.

SELF-DENIAL.

- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.
- 5 To the weary and the worn,
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn,
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 6 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles, banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 7 Be the banner still unfurled;
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword;
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. HOW.

426

S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land:

- 2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest-home!"

J. MONTGOMERY.

427

L. M.

THY service, Lord, is my delight;
I would be spent and spend for Thee;
Thou art my wisdom and my might;
O glorify Thy name in me!

- 2 The light which Thou to me hast given,
Shall by Thy grace break forth and shine;
I'll point to men the road to heaven,
And show the power of love divine.
- 3 My life, my strength, my heart, my tongue,
My soul, my flesh, to Thee I give!
All these to Thee of right belong,
O let me to Thy glory live!

G. B. HYMN-BOOK (1800).

428

78.

YE who hear the blessed call
Of the Spirit and the Bride:
Hear the Master's word to all,
Your commission and your guide—
"And let him that heareth say,
Come," to all yet far away.

- 2 "Come!" alike to age and youth,
Tell them of our Friend above,
Of His beauty and His truth,
Preciousness and grace and love.
Tell them what you know is true,
Tell them what He is to you.
- 3 "Come!" to those who, while they hear,
Linger, hardly knowing why;
Tell them that the Lord is near,
Tell them Jesus passes by.
Call them now; O! do not wait,
Lest to-morrow be too late.
- 4 Brothers, sisters, do not wait,
Speak for Him who speaks to you!
Wherefore should you hesitate?
This is no great thing to do.
Jesus only bids you say,
"Come!" and will you not obey?
- 5 Lord! to Thy command we bow,
Touch our lips with altar-fire;
Let Thy Spirit kindle now
Faith and zeal and strong desire;
So that henceforth we may be
Fellow-workers, Lord, with Thee!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

429

SELF-DENIAL.

8.7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee.
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still mine own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too,
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
me:

Show Thy face, and all is bright.

- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee:
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. LYTE.

430

S. M.

O WHAT if we are CHRIST'S,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

89

- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
CHRIST'S sufferings shared below :
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 LORD, may that grace be ours
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.
- 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

H. W. BAKER.

431

L.M.

- TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.
- 2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
The Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only He who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. EVEREST.

432 WATCHFULNESS.

7.7.7.3.

- CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away :
Thou art in the midst of foes :
"Watch and pray."
- 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours :
"Watch and pray."
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Near thee lurks the evil one !
"Watch and pray."
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way :
All with warning voice exclaim :
"Watch and pray."
- 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey :
Hide within thy heart His word :
"Watch and pray."

90

- 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day :
Pray, that help may be sent down :
"Watch and pray."
C. ELLIOTT.

433

8.8.6.

- HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day !
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with Thy whole armour arm.
In each approach of sin, alarm,
And show the danger near :
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see Thy gathering frown,
And feel Thy warning eye :
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
'Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink !
O save me, or I die !'
- 4 If from Thy fold I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart :
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

WESLEY.*

434

6.5

- IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me ;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee ;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Not for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures,
Spread to work me harm :—
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.
- 3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice :
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

J. MONTGOMERY.

COURAGE AND STEADFASTNESS.

435

JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

S.M.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

WESLEY.

436

YE servants of the Lord
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

S.M.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

DODDRIDGE.

COURAGE AND STEADFASTNESS.

437

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

S.M.

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

G

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They hear the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

WATTS.

438

FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.
The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new!

S.M.

2 'Tis the same story still
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love still flowing down
To pardon and to bless.
No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still.
No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood:
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

H. BONAR.*

439

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Canaan lies before us,
Sion beams with light.

65 65

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray:
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

91

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them;
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours!
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims, to your country,
Forward into light.

H. ALFORD.

440

C.M.

IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

4 Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

5 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. FABER.

441

65.65.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.

92

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

4 Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song:
"Glory, praise, and honour
Unto Christ the King:"
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.
S. BAKING-GOULD.

442

77-77.88.

ONWARD let my children go,
God the Lord commands us so;
Though the path be through the sea,
Little flock, what's that to thee?
Only trust His love unbounded,
Thou shalt never be confounded.

2 Art thou feeble, sorely tried?
Art thou pressed on every side?
Does it seem as if no power
Could relieve thee in this hour?
Wherefore art thou thus disheartened?
Is the arm that saves thee shortened?

3 Dark and wide the sea appears,
Every soul is full of fears,
Yet the word is 'Onward' still,
Onward move and do His will;
And the great deep shall discover
God's highway to take thee over.

4 Be thou still, and thou shalt see
Wonders wrought, and wrought for
thee;
Safe thyself on yonder shore,
Thou shalt see thy foes no more;
And there tell the wondrous story
Of thy Saviour's might and glory.
KELLY.*

443

S.M.

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God sup-
plies
Through His beloved Son:
2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued:
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

PERSEVERANCE.

- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
- 5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may overcome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

WESLEY.*

444

7.6.

- S**TAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross:
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory,
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey:
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

G. DUFFIELD.

445

c.m. double.

- T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:—
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle-eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the
wrong:—
Who follows in his train?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to
feel:—

Who follows in their train?

- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of
heaven
Through peril, toll, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

HEBER.

PERSEVERANCE.

446

c.m.

- A**WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

DODDRIDGE.

447

L.M.

- A**WAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be
gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless
power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native
strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

WATTS.

448

10.10.11.11.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when
it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the
night's longest;
Onward and onward still, urge thine
endeavour;
The rest that remaineth shall be for
ever.

- 2 Fight the fighting, Christian, Jesus is o'er
thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is be-
fore thee;
He who hath promised faltereth never,
The love of eternity flows on for ever.
- 3 Raise the eye, Christian, just as it
closeth;
Lift the heart, Christian, ere it re-
poseth:
Thee, from the love of Christ, no-
thing shall sever:
Mount when thy work is done, praise
Him for ever.

J. STAMMERS.

449

78.

CHRISt, of all my hopes the ground;
Christ, the spring of all my joy;
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it, 'Christ to live.'
- 3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely shall I pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from Thee my ravished soul.
- 5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky!
Having known it, 'Christ to live,'
Let me know it, 'Gain to die.'

R. WARDLAW.

450

C.M.

HOW rich Thy favours, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To His own palace, where He reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of His love,
Displays the radiant prize;
And shows the purchase of His blood
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 He perfects what His hand begins,
And stone on stone He lays;
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to His praise.

94

- 5 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend;
Which leads, through sufferings of an
hour,
To joys that never end.

DODDRIDGE.

451

C.M.

LORD, hast Thou made me know Thy
ways?

- Conduct me in Thy fear;
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.
- 2 O never let me turn aside,
Nor leave the path divine!
Let faith, and love, and zeal abide;
Let patience ne'er decline.
- 3 Supported by a lively hope,
May I the storm endure;
Let sovereign mercy hold me up,
And I shall walk secure.
- 4 Be Thou my all-sufficient friend,
Till all these toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace!

J. FAWCETT.

452

C.M.

MY soul, with all thy wakened powers,
Survey the heavenly prize;
Nor let the glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

- 2 The splendid crown which Moses sought,
Still beams around his brow;
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred
pride
Was taught by death to bow.
- 3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.
- 4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My steadfast soul shall move.
- 5 With ardent eye that bright reward
I daily will survey;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

DODDRIDGE.

453

7.6

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

- 2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

- 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control:
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!
- 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!
- 5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone!
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

J. E. BODE.

454

8.8.8.8.6.

- O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee;
On Thee, my God, on Thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want, I find in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

J. F. OBERLIN, trans. A. WILSON.

455

C.M.

- O SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armour cling:
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run;
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.
- 3 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.
- 4 O faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

456

I.M.

- THOU only sovereign of my heart,
I My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Eternal life Thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 3 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While Thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 4 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

A. STEELE.

457

8.8.8.4.

- THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word,—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,—
We follow Thee.
- 2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange wanderings, dark
or bright,
We follow Thee.
- 3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or
woe,
We follow Thee.
- 4 With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.
- 5 O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.
- 6 Thou hast passed on before our face:
Thy footsteps on the way we trace:
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
We follow Thee.

H. BONAR.

458

C.M.

- WE praise and bless Thee, gracious
Lord,
Our Saviour kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.
- 2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys, Thy grace has given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ties attach to heaven.
- 3 But yet, how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun;
Of Thine own strength Thou must
impart,
In Thine own ways to run.
- 5 Ah, leave us not! From day to day
Revive, restore again;
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.
- 6 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy Father's throne,
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own!

C. J. P. SPIITT, (H. L. L.).

459

L.M.

- WHILE others pray for grace to die,
O Lord, I pray for grace to live,
For every hour a fresh supply:
O see my need, and freely give.
- 2 I do not dread the hour of death;
If I am Thine, no fears remain;
I know that with my parting breath
I yield for ever mortal pain.
- 3 But O! my Lord, in life's highway
I crave the sunshine of Thy face,
And every moment of the day
I need Thy strong supporting grace.
- 4 I dare not—will not—Lord, deny
That heart and feet oft go astray;
Therefore the more to Thee I cry,
To keep me in the chosen way.
- 5 The more my sin and unbelief
Keep me from walking near to Thee,
The more, Lord Jesus, is my grief,—
The more I long Thy face to see.

RYLE'S COLL.

RECOVERY FROM DECLENSION.

460

C.M.

- O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

COWPER.

461

L.M.

- S EE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by Thy
word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look, and look again.
- 2 How oft deceived by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turned aside;
And, Jonah-like, has fled from Thee,
Till Thou hast looked again on me.
- 3 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,
And to Thy footstool let me come,
And tell Thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look, and look again.
- 4 Do fears and doubt thy soul annoy?
Do thundering tempests drown thy joy?
And canst thou not one smile obtain?
Yet, wait and look, and look again.
- 5 Take courage then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee
whole;
Trust thou in Him, 'tis not in vain;
But wait and look, and look again.
- 6 Look to the Lord, His word, His throne;
Look to His grace, and not thy own;
There wait and look, and look again,
Thou shalt not wait, nor look in vain.
- 7 Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again!

S. MEDLEY.

462

C.M.

- S W E E T was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm:
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon His arm.
- 4 Now, when the evening-shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And, when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, Thy mercies cannot fail;
O come without delay!

NEWTON.

463

8a.

- W E A R Y of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

SORROW AND DIVINE COMFORT.

- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

WESLEY.

464

C.M.

- WHY is my heart so far from Thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With Thee, no more by night?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in Thy love,
As I have found in Thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of Thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Then I repent, and vex my soul,
That I should leave Thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?
- 6 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

WATTS.

SORROW AND DIVINE COMFORT.

465

C.M.

- AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE and BRADY.

466

78.

- FATHER, for Thy kindest word,
Thankful songs to Thee I sing;
Sick at heart with hope deferred,
All my cause to Thee I bring;
Sweet the sound I hear from Thee—
'Cast thy burden upon Me.'
- 2 As a father bending low
Listens to his lisping child,
So to me Thy pity show,
By the world and sin beguiled;
Holy is Thy law, and just;
Yet remember I am dust.
- 3 Spare me, Thou who lov'st to spare!
Gently on me lay Thy hand!
Grasp the bruised reed with care,
Let the smoking flax be fanned;
Firm my faltering steps uphold;
Tried, let me come forth as gold.
- 4 O remember Him who died,
With His life my soul to save;
Let me clasp the Crucified
Till I reach the awful grave;
Then, the light affliction o'er,
Heaven is mine for evermore!

C. L. FORD.

467

L.M.

- GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fall.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not Thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer
prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.
- 4 Poor, though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

468

7.7.6.

- IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay;
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 2 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide:
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 3 Comfort me, I am cast down,
Tis my heavenly Father's crown,
I deserve it all, I own!
My Saviour, comfort me.

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- 4 In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bid me trust His faithfulness :
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 5 Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive,
Let me humbly still believe :
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 6 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me.

G. RAWSON.

469

78.

- J**ESUS, Saviour! Thou dost know
All the depth of human woe ;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear,
Thou hast felt the withering fear.
- 2 For the iron of our sin
To Thy heart hath entered in ;
All its festering anguish keen,
Holy Saviour, Thine hath been.
- 3 Thou our Brother art, and we
With our sorrows come to Thee :
Thou wilt not, for us who died,
From our misery turn aside.
- 4 Jesus, save! the floods are nigh ;
To Thine open arms we fly ;
Sure the waters will not dare
Overwhelm our spirits there.
- 5 No! the raging waves subside,
Thou hast checked the rising tide ;
All our woes obey Thy will,
While Thou whisperest, 'Peace, be still!'

C. DENT.

470

65.65.

- O** LET him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.
- 2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.
- 3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.
- 4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.
- 5 When in grief we languish
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.
- 6 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know
- 7 Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love.

H. S. OSWALD, trans. F. E. COX.

98

471

8.7.

- O** THOU, by whom the balm is borne
For joys of earth departed,
Come down and comfort all that mourn ;
Bind up the broken-hearted.
- 2 To grief that wets the new-made mould,
Beside the mournful willow,
Arise, as when Thy voice of old
Assuaged the nightly billow.
- 3 The noble souls that pine unseen,
By all around forsaken,
Teach on Thine own strong arm to lean,
For needs by breezes shaken.
- 4 To saints that linger day by day,
With pining sickness broken,
From eyes that watch and lips that
pray,
Be Thy sweet solace spoken.
- 5 And O! for those whose trembling feet
Are dipt in Jordan's river,
Safe on the shore with welcome greet,
And clasp them Thine for ever!

C. L. FORD.

472

C.M.

- O** THOU, from whom all goodness
flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon grant, new peace impart,
In love remember me!
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ill I cannot flee,
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me!
- 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be ;
Give patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me!
- 5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!
- 6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
'O Lord, remember me!'

T. HAWKES.

473

108.

- S**HEW pity, Lord, for we are frail
and faint ;
We fade away, O list to our complaint !
We fade away, like flowers in the sun ;
We just begin, and then our work is
done.
- 2 Shew pity, Lord, our souls are sore
distressed ;
As troubled seas, our natures have no
rest ;
As troubled seas that surging beat the
shore,
We throb and heave, ever and evermore.

RESIGNATION.

- 3 Shew pity, Lord, our grief is in our sin;
We would be cleansed, O make us
pure within!
We would be cleansed, for this we cry
to Thee;
Thy word of love can make the con-
science free.
- 4 Shew pity, Lord, inspire our hearts
with love;
That holy love which draws the soul
above;
That holy love which makes us one
with Thee,
And with Thy saints, through all
eternity.

D. THOMAS.

474

L.M.

- THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made His truth and mercy
known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects
crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know
While in the wilderness below?
- 6 'Tis even so: Thy faithful love
Doth all Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

J. FAWCETT.

475

78.

- WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost and dear,
Jesus, Lord and Saviour, hear!
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Lord and Saviour, hear!
- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Lord and Saviour, hear!
- 4 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Lord and Saviour, hear!
- 5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Lord and Saviour, hear!

E. H. MILMAN.*

476

78.

WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,—
'It is I; be not afraid.'

- 2 When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,—
'It is I; be not afraid.'
- 3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,—
'It is I; be not afraid.'
- 4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
O! may then the mourner hear,—
'It is I; be not afraid.'
- 5 When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
'It is I; be not afraid.'
- 6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
May the voice be strong and clear,—
'It is I; be not afraid.'

W. W. HOW

RESIGNATION.

477

88.

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the
flower;

And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs those they trust and love?
My Father, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!
- 3 O ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that Thou hast made it mine,
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,—
'As comes to me, or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

B. F. ADAMS.

478

S.M.

IT is Thy hand, my God;
My sorrow comes from Thee;
I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
I know Thou lovest me.

- 2 I would not murmur, Lord,
Before Thee I am dumb:
Lest I should breathe one murmuring
word,
To Thee for help I come.
- 3 My God, Thy name is Love,
A Father's hand is Thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, 'Thy will be mine.'

- 4 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe:
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.
- 5 Jesus for me hath died.
Thy Son Thou didst not spare;
His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.
- 6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to Thee;
Thy will is love, Thine end is blest;
All work for good to me.

J. S. DECK.

479

LORD Jesus, as Thou wilt!
O may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
'My Lord, Thy will be done!'

2 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,—
'My Lord, Thy will be done!'

3 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
'My Lord, Thy will be done!'

4 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart:
For they are blest with Thee,
Their race and conflict won;
Let me but follow them,—
'My Lord, Thy will be done!'

5 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me,
Each changing, future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on;
And sing in life or death,
'My Lord, Thy will be done!'

SCHMOLKE (H. L. L.)*

480

8.8.8.4.

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough
way,

O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done!'

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me 'be still' and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done!'

100

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done!'

4 Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine;
'Thy will be done!'

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
'Thy will be done!'

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done!'

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy will be done!'

C. ELLIOTT.

481

C.M.

OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to
find
A frown of anger there.

2 It needs our hearts be weaned from
earth;

It needs that we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our joys in heaven.

3 Kind, loving, is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.

4 He was a man of sorrows—He
Who loved and saved us thus;
And shall the world that frowned on
Him
Wear only smiles for us?

5 No! we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Saviour run;
We must not find a resting-place
Where He we love had none.

C. FRY.

482

66.66.88.

OFT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task,
Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

2 This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams:
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

3 We toil as in a field
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own:
And shall we of the toil complain,
That speedily will bring such gain?

RESIGNATION.

- 4 We dig the wells of life,
And God the waters gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives:
And now we could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.
T. T. LYNCH.

483

L.M.

- 0 LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest
tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, 'Thou art
near.'
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering
leaf,
Shall softly tell us, 'Thou art near!'
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.
O. W. HOLMES.

484

S.M.

- OUR times are in Thy hand,
O God, we wish them there;
Our life, our friends, our souls, we leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,—
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear
- 4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand our many sins have pierced
Is now our guard and guide.
- 5 Our times are in Thy hand,
We'll always trust in Thee:
Till we have left this weary land,
And all Thy glory see.
W. F. LLOYD.

485

78.

- SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
O Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand;
All events at Thy command.
- 2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;
- 3 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

- 4 O Thou gracious, wise, and just,
In Thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

- 5 May I always own Thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that Thou art God alone,
I and mine are all Thine own.

- 6 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?
J. RYLAND.

486

68

- THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding, or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my GOD,
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill.
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.
H. BONAR.

487

78

- 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?
- 5 Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.
COVER.

488

C.M.

- WE** praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest ;
But O ! how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best.
- 2 We praise Thee for the shining sun,
For kind and glad some ways :
When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing
Through weary nights and days ?
- 3 We praise Thee when our path is plain
And smooth beneath our feet ;
But fain would learn to welcome pain,
And call the bitter sweet.
- 4 Teach Thou our weak and wandering hearts
Aright to read Thy way,
That Thou with loving hand dost trace
Our history every day.
- 5 Then every thorny crown of care
Worn well in patience now,
Shall grow a glorious diadem
Upon the faithful brow ;
- 6 And Sorrow's face shall be unveiled,
And we at last shall see
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
Her speech but echoes Thee.

J. P. HOPPS.

489

C.M.

- WHEN** I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow ;
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.
- 3 And O ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—
- 4 ' Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free :
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
- 5 ' Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

A. STEELE.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

490

8.7.4.

- GUIDE** me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

102

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Bear me through the swelling current,
Lend me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praise
I will ever give to Thee !

W. WILLIAMS.*

491

10.4.10.4.

- I** DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take
from me
Aught of its load :
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should always
spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord,
I plead,
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and
though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou
shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night :
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall
shine,
Through peace to light.

A. A. PROCTER.

492

55.88.55.

- JESUS**, still lead on,
Till our rest be won !
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless ;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go !
- 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,—
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more !
- 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won !
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

N. L. ZINZENDORF (R. L. L.).

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

493

10.4.10.4.10.10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN.

494

8.7.

LEAD us, Heavenly FATHER, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;

Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,

Yet possessing every blessing,
If our GOD our Father be.

2 SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;

Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;

Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 SPIRIT of our GOD, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,

Love with every passion blending
Pleasure that can never cloy;

Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. EDMESTON.

495

78.

LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press

On the pathway rough and steep,
Through this weary wilderness.

Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack:

There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.

Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,

Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.

Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees,

Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.

Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,

Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.

Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

W. W. HOW.

496

S.M.

WHERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart?

Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

2 Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun?

Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

3 Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture a page?

Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

4 O Ruler of the sky!
Rule Thou within my heart:

O great Adorner of the world!
Thy light of life impart.

5 Giver of holy words!
Bestow Thy holy power:

And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

6 In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had:

I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

T. T. LYNCH.

WISDOM SOUGHT.

497

C.M.

AL MIGHTY God! in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift,

Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;

We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away;

We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord! impart
The knowledge how to live;

A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

5 The young remember Thee in youth,
Before the evil days!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The old be guided by Thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

J. MONTGOMERY.

498

108.

LEAD us, O Father! in the paths of
peace;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still in-
crease;
Lead us through Christ, the true and
living way.

2 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we
grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims
our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith
and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone;
Involved in shadows of a darksome
night,

Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father! to Thy heavenly
rest,
However rough and steep the path may
be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest
best,

Until our lives are perfected in Thee.
W. H. BURLEIGH.

499

C.M.

LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The work of truth can see.

2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strown,
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.

3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way,
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.

4 O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

5 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.
H. BONAR.

500

67, 67, 6666.

O PRAISE the Lord our God,
In clouds and darkness dwelling,
Yet Fount of shadeless light,
All light of earth excelling!
He guides us on to age,
Through sunlit paths of youth;
He glads our longing eyes
With full unveiled truth.

2 That truth, O Lord, we seek,
In spirit meek and lowly;

104

To all who learn or teach
Give wisdom pure and holy.
In solemn awe we bend,
All wondering round Thy throne,
And Thee, our Lord, our life,
Our joy, our gladness own.

3 O Lord of truth and light,
All heaven and earth possessing,
Grant us Thy laws to know,
Our daily task-work blessing!
Teach us Thy love to see,
O'er earth and heaven outspread,
While wisdom, conquering fear,
With highest faith shall wed.

4 All praise and thanks to Thee,
Eternal Lord, be given,
For all Thy help on earth,
For all our hopes of heaven!
Thy name, the One, the Three,
Through aeons yet to come,
All saints and angels sing,
Their light, their peace, their home!
E. H. PLUMPTRE.

501

HOPE AND JOY.

L.M.

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
He sees his home, though distant still:

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers:
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trials fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, 'I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.'

6 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.
J. NEWTON.

502

S.M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come,"

HOPE AND JOY.

Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

W. HAMMOND.

503

C.M.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your
eyes,

And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise the sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

- 2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

DODDRIDGE.

504

S.M.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

- 2 Nor doth it yet appear,
How great we must be made,
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall 'Abba, Father,' cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

WATTS.

505

6.5.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner

Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.

Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

- 2 **J**ESU, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;

Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

Brightly gleams, &c.

- 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

Brightly gleams, &c.

- 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

Brightly gleams, &c.

T. J. POTTER.

506

78

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward!
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

J. CENNICK.

507

87.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 4 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!

105

5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, O! take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above!
 R. ROBINSON.

508

COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

S.M.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God who rules on high,
 And thunders when He please;
 Who rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas;
- 5 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love:
 He shall send down His heavenly powers
 To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see His face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thought of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below:
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Sion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

509

78.78.77.

HEAVENWARD still our pathway
 tends,
 Here on earth we are but strangers;
 Till our road in Canaan ends,
 Safely passed this wild of dangers,
 Pilgrims we, a scattered band,
 Seek above our fatherland.

2 Heavenward still! God's volume blest,
 Thus, throughout its sacred pages,
Calls me on, and speaks of rest,
Rest with Him through endless ages;
 While my heart that call attends,
 Still to heaven my path ascends.

106

3 Heavenward still my thoughts arise,
 When His festal board invites me;
 Then my spirit upward flies,
 Foretaste then of heaven delights me:
 When on earth this food has ceased
 Comes the Lamb's own marriage-feast.

4 Heavenward still, when life shall close,
 Death to my true home shall guide
 me;

There, triumphant o'er my woes,
 Lasting bliss shall God provide me;
 Christ Himself the way has led,
 Joyful in His steps I tread.

5 Still then heavenward! heavenward
 still!

That shall be my watchword ever!
 Joys of heaven my heart shall fill,
 Chasing joys that filled it never:
 Heavenward still my thoughts shall run,
 Till the gate of heaven is won.

B. SCHMOLKE, trans. F. E. COX.

510

8.8.6.

HOW great the Christian's portion is!
 What endless joys, what worlds of
 bliss,

The Lord for them prepares!
 Their boundless treasures who can
 know?

For all above, and all below,
 And God and Christ, are theirs.

2 The hand of God supplies their wants,
 And supersedes their deep complaints,
 With mercies still renewed:
 Though they are hurried up and down,
 And through a sea of troubles run,
 Yet all things work for good.

3 Jesus, and all in Him, is theirs:
 They are adopted sons and heirs
 Of God, through grace divine:
 Jesus has washed them in His blood,
 And with His grace their souls endowed;
 They in His image shine.

4 Why talk we now of earthly things,
 The wealth of empires, crowns of kings,
 Or aught below the skies?
 Can crowns or sceptres be compared
 With that exceeding great reward
 On which we fix our eyes?

5 God is our own, the God of love,
 And endless stores in heaven above;
 What can we covet more?
 Possessed of this, what can we want?
 Away, all carnal discontent!
 We have an endless store.

W. HAMMOND.

511

L.M.

HOW vast the treasure we possess!
 How rich Thy bounty, King of
 grace!

This world is ours, and worlds to come:
 Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2 All things are ours; the gifts of God;
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
 While the good Spirit shows us how
 To use, and to improve them too.

HOPE AND JOY.

- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my bless'd estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait Thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the test.

WATTS.

512

8s.

- L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely:
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face.
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight:
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem, the saint's abode,
Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Through Thee, who all our sins hast
borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heaven:
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 5 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod:
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

WESLEY.*

513

11. 10. 11. 10.

- L**IGHT hath arisen, we walk in its
brightness;
Joy hath descended, its fulness has
come.
Peace hath been spoken; we hear it,
we take it;
Angels are singing, and shall we be
dumb?
- 2 Happy in Him who hath loved us and
bought us,
Rich in the life which He gives to
His own,
Filled with the peace passing all under-
standing,
Never less lonely than just when alone.
- 3 Safe in His strength, in His love ever
happy,
What are the tremblings and tossings
of time?

H

Firm in His grasp, to His arm ever
clinging,
Upward, still upward, we buoyantly
climb.

- 4 High on the rock, in our fortress sure
sheltered,
Wave, wind, and foeman assail us in
vain;
Buckler and shield is He, what can
alarm us?
What though the fiery darts shower
like the rain?
- 5 Lead on, our Captain, we follow, we
follow;
Life is no slumber, our battle no
dream;
Lift up Thy banner, we rally, we rally;
Wave high Thy sword, we press on
in its gleam.
- 6 Jesus, to Thee we look, Saviour Al-
mighty;
Jesus, on Thee we rest, happy and free;
Jesus, on Thee we feed, bread of the
hungry;
Jesus, our all, lo! we lean upon Thee!
- 7 What are the shadows around us still
floating?
Sunshine is glowing all brightly above;
Heed not the height of the cliffs we are
climbing,
From them we gaze on the land that
we love.

H. BONAR.

514

C.M.

- M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When to my heart His voice divine
Bears witness I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy, the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

WATTS.*

515

C.M. double.

MY heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill:
For waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a 'new song' is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known;
And fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
'Thou art my portion,' saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say;
And the music of their glad 'Amen'
Will never die away.

A. L. WARING.

516

C.M.

MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.
2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide;
And in that long-experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth,
These distant courts I love;
But O! I burn with strong desire
To view Thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

DODDRIDGE.

517

8.8.6.

NOT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
Thy wonders to past ages shown,
Make our glad spirits glow.
Our eyes behold Thy works of might;
On us full beam Thy wonders bright;
The living God we know.

2 We joy not only to be told,
How with Thy saints and seers of old
Thou madest sweet abode:
We of Thy presence bright can tell,
Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell;
We feel the living God.

3 Thou settest us each task divine;
We bless that helping hand of Thine,
This strength by Thee bestowed:
Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
Thine own the cause—Thine own the
might,
We serve the living God.

108

4 Ah! soon we droop; ah! soon we tire;
Our fainting hearts new strength re-
quire,

Again would quickened be:
We ask no priest; we ask no shrine;
To Thee we come for life divine,
Thou living God, to Thee!

5 O more than satisfy our need;
Our most divine desire exceed;
Our constant Quickener be:
Thou living God, possess us still;
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
Our blessed life in Thee!

T. H. OILL.

518

S.M.

NOW let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song:
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears!
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of Glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to His name,
Who drew the shining trace:
To Him who leads the wanderers on,
And cheers them with His grace.

6 Reduce the nations, Lord,
Teach all their kings Thy ways;
That earth's full choir the notes may
swell,
And heaven resound the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

519

8.7.

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long;
Afterward the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparring;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward, the piteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

4 Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

5 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

HOPE AND JOY.

6 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

F. R. HAVERGAL.

520

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

- 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,
- 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,
- 6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
- 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

JOSEPH, OF THE STUDIUM,
trans. J. M. NEALE.

521

O N our way rejoicing as we home-
ward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God
of love!
Is there grief or sadness? Thine it can-
not be!

- Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not
from Thee!
- 2 If with honest-hearted love for God and
man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what
we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give
large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the
heart with peace.
- 3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished
is our foe!
Christ without, our safety; Christ with-
in, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope
destroy? J. S. B. MONSELL.

522

O UR rest is in heaven, our rest is not
here,
Then why should we murmur when
trials are near?

Be hushed our complainings, the worst
that can come
But shortens our journey, and hastens
us home.

- 2 It is not for us to be seeking our bliss,
And building our hopes, in a region
like this;
We look for a city which hands have
not piled,
We pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around us
may grow,
We would not lie down upon roses
below;
We ask not our portion, we seek not
our rest,
Till we find them at last in the land
of the blest.
- 4 Let doubts, then, and dangers our pro-
gress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at
its close;
The road may be rough, but it cannot
be long,
And we'll smooth it with hope, and
cheer it with song.

H. F. LYTE.

523

REJOICE, though storms assail thee!
Rejoice when skies are bright!
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night!
If the good hope be in thee,—
That all at last is well,—
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell!

- 2 Recall thine hours of anguish,
And let thy soul rejoice!
Though wave on wave of sorrow,
Rushed on with fearful noise,
Was not the Bow of Promise
Still seen amidst the gloom,
Shedding its hallowed lustre
E'en round the silent tomb?
- 3 Rejoice! Rejoice for ever!
Though earthly friends be gone;
For silently, yet swiftly,
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forward,
Nearer that happy shore,
Where the triumphant song is
'Rejoice for evermore!'

A non.

524

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing,
Pilgrims for Sion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 See the fair way His hand hath raised,
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

109

- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.

DODDRIDGE.

525

7.6.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it, after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may;

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine or fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

COWPER.

526

C.M.

TEN thousand thousand are Thy hosts,
O Christ, our glorious King!
And round Thy throne for evermore
Thy praise they joyful sing.

2 To Thee their glory and their joy,
Their perfect bliss they owe;
And by their service swift and sure,
Their ardent love they show.

3 On Thee, as once they did on Thee,
They count it joy to wait;
Nor mourn, on works of mercy sent,
To leave their heavenly state.

4 Bidden by Thee, they camp around
The weakest of Thy saints,
To shield him when the foe assails,
To cheer him when he faints.

110

- 5 O Saviour of this sinful world,
Make us for ever Thine!
And with Thy radiant angel-host
Let us in glory shine!

R. A. BERTRAM.

527

L.M.

'WE'VE no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldling's
mind;

But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 'We've no abiding city here:
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
'We seek a city yet to come.'

3 'We've no abiding city here:
Then let us live as pilgrims do:
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 'We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Sion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

T. KELLY.

528

S.M.

WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well.'

2 In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 Well when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

4 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
'From earth and sin, arise,
To join the host of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise.'

J. KENT.

529

S.M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love Divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

THE REST BEGUN.

- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His lovingkindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THE REST BEGUN.

530

s. M. double.

- A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time.
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more tolls, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

H. BONAR.

531

78.

BLESSING, honour, thanks, and
praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;

True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
Who for us the fight hath won.

- 2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered in to God;
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.
- 4 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

WESLEY.

532

C. M.

- CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.
- 2 We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.
- 3 We thank Thee that the way-worn
sleeps
The sleep in Jesus blest;
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.
- 4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard;
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

G. RAWSON.

533

78.

- CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.
- 2 Day by day the Voice saith, 'Come,
Enter thine eternal home:'
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.
- 3 Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, 'O, spare this blow!'
Yea, with streaming tears should pray,
'Lord, we love him, let him stay!'
- 4 But the Lord doth naught amiss,
And since He hath ordered this,
We have naught to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

111

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5 Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

MORAVIAN HYMN, trans. C. WINKWORTH.

534

C.M. double.

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

WESLEY.

535

S.M.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry;
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

R. MANT.

536

10.10.10.4.

FOR all the saints, who from their
labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world
confessed,

Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.
Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and
their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-
fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light
of light.

Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and
bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of
old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown
of gold.

Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are
Thine.

Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the war-
fare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-
song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms
are strong,

Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the
west:
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh
rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia!

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious
day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright
array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.

Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the
countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia!

W. W. HOW.

537

66.86.88.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

THE REST BEGUN.

- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own
light.

J. MONTGOMERY.

538

8s

GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

- 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours:
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
- 3 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.
- 4 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee!

J. ELLERTON.

539

C.M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven
proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed:
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

WATTS.

540

C.M. double.

HE 'fell asleep' in Christ his Lord:
He gave to Him to keep
The soul His great love had redeemed,
Then calmly went to sleep:
And, as a tired bird folds its wing,
Sure of the morning light,
He laid him down, in trusting faith,
And did not dread the night.

- 2 He 'fell asleep' in Jesu's love:
So, on its mother's breast,
The little child is comforted
When there it goes to rest;

His was a childlike confidence,
And as he closed his eyes,
The whisper was within his soul,
'To-day in Paradise.'

- 3 Now is the spirit with the Lord;
And soon the mouldering frame
Shall put on immortality,
And rise in Jesu's name,
A house from heaven of radiant light,
A shrine for the blest soul,
To worship in, rejoice, and serve,
While the great ages roll.

G. RAWSON.

541

L.M.

HOW blest the righteous, when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes;
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies the wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears;
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn
appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous, when he dies!'

A. L. BARBAULD.

542

S.M.

IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free,
From dungeon-chains to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

FRENCH, trans. G. W. BETHUNE.

543

7s.

LO! a voice from heaven hath said,
'Henceforth blessed are the dead,
Dying in their risen Lord,
Trusting His redeeming word!'

113

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 'Blessèd!' for their work is done:
Home they went at set of sun;
They were weary, it was best
To lie down and take their rest.

3 'Blessèd' ones! they calmly sleep,
Leaving us to wake and weep,
Still to bear our fleshly pains,
Sins and doubts and spirit-chains.

4 'Blessèd!' they have done with tears,
Sickness, darkness, death, and fears!
And the soul's long conflict past,
Victory is theirs at last.

5 Theirs is the eternal peace,
Growing with divine increase;
Theirs eternal rest above,
Rest in the Eternal Love.

6 Dwelling in the Light of light
They possess the Infinite!
Every mystery unsealed,
And the glory all revealed.

G. RAWSON.

544

LORD, when beside the grave we
mourn,

And sorrows round us gather;
For hope, for strength, to Thee we turn,
The living God, our Father!
Thy children blest in Christ that die,
What power from Thee can sever?
All peaceful in Thine arms they lie;
To Thee they live for ever.

2 Thy saving might, Eternal Son,
The grave's dark fears hath banished;
Through Thy dear cross, Thy victory won,
The sting from death hath vanished.
O Jesu, by those tears of Thine,
For human sorrow flowing,
Uphold us with Thine arm divine,
Thy comfort still bestowing.

3 Lift up, O Lord, each mourner's heart,
Our feeble faith sustaining;
For Thou our risen Saviour art,
In heaven for ever reigning.
For all who fall asleep in Thee
Our thankful praise we render;
In death, O Lord, our refuge be,
Our life and our defender.

T. E. POWELL.

545

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;—
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,—
The thorn, the rod;

*From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away:*

Aid us, O God!

114

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!

Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

F. D. HEMANS.

546

77-77 88.

NOW the labourer's task is o'er:
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. ELLERTON.

547

s.m. double.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

2 At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare!'
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent at sunrise on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past;
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE REST BEGUN.

548

78.78.77.

TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast
 stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping :
 Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping !
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive it ;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving ;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. MEINHOLD, *trans.* G. WINKWORTH.

549

8.7.

THE journey done, the rest begun,
 The day of death now ended ;
 To life above, on wings of love,
 The freed one hath ascended :
 What we do weep, the Christ doth keep,
 He died that He might save it ;
 The body trust we to the dust,—
 The soul to God who gave it.

2 Our tears must fall at loss of all
 That time cannot restore us ;
 But to the skies we'll lift our eyes,
 And think of what's before us ;
 There, safe above, with Him whose love
 For all its want provideth,
 The spirit blest, in changeless rest
 Of Paradise, abideth.

3 Your muffled chime, ye bells of time,
 Ring out with chastened gladness ;
 The happy soul needs not your toll,
 As if it dwelt in sadness :
 Toll for the dead who, living, tread
 Earth's sinful ways, hard-hearted ;
 But a bright chime, ye bells of time,
 Ring out for Christ's departed.

4 Their warfare o'er, now never more
 Shall sin or sorrow grieve them ;
 Against that day, not far away,
 In quiet earth we leave them :
 What we do weep, the Christ doth
 keep,
 He died that He might save it ;
 The body trust we to the dust,—
 The soul to God who gave it.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

550

13.11.13.12.

THOU art gone to the grave! but we
 will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encom-
 pass the tomb ;
 The Saviour has passed through its
 portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide
 through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no
 longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the
 world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread
 to enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless
 has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its
 mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered
 long ;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beamed
 on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st
 was the Seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we
 will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy Ransom, thy
 Guardian, and Guide.
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will
 restore thee ;
 And death has no sting, for the
 Saviour has died.

R. HEBER.

551

7.6. double.

THOU hast stood here, Lord Jesus,
 Beside the still cold grave :
 And proved Thy deep compassion,
 And mighty power to save.
 Thy tears of tender pity,
 Thine agonizing groan,
 Teach how for us Thou feelest,
 Now seated on Thy throne.

2 Thou hast lain here, Lord Jesus,
 Thyself the victim then,
 The Lord of life and glory,
 Once slain for wretched men.
 From sin and condemnation
 When none but Thee could save,
 Thy love than death was stronger,
 And deeper than the grave.

3 Thou hast been here, Lord Jesus,
 But Thou art here no more ;
 The terror and the darkness,
 The night of death, are o'er.
 Great Captain of salvation,
 Thy triumphs now we sing :
 ' O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?'

4 We wait for Thine appearing :
 We weep, but we rejoice ;
 In all our depths of sorrow
 We still can hear Thy voice :
 ' I am the resurrection ;
 I live who once was slain ;
 Fear not! thy friend and brother
 Shall rise with Me, and reign.'

J. G. DECK.

552

C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to His arms.

115

JUDGMENT.

- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way!
Up to the Lord we too shall fly
At the great rising day.

WATTS.*

553

L.M.

- WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous souls we mortals
are!
- Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in
haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

WATTS.

THE RESURRECTION.

554

C.M.

- BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 We by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk, by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

WATTS.

555

7^a.

- JESUS, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

116

- 2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I once shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is, I too shall be.
Shall I fear then? can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?
- 3 Close to Him my soul is bound,
In the bonds of hope enclasp'd;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasp'd;
And no ban of death can part
From our Lord the trusting heart.
- 4 I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise,
With His love this heart shall glow;
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.
- 5 Only see ye that your heart
Rise betimes from earthly lust;
Would ye there with Him have part,
Here obey your Lord and trust;
Fix your heart beyond the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise.

LOUISA H. OF BRANDENBURGH,
trans. C. WINKWORTH.

THE JUDGMENT.

556

S.M.

- AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's gentle voice,
What welcome tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled!
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessing on your head.

DODDRIDGE.

557

87.97.897.

- GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding;

JUDGMENT.

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

B. HIGSWALDT and W. B. COLLYER.

558

8.7.4.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train;
Hallelujah!

Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

J. CENNIK, C. WESLEY, M. MADAN.

559

Es.

O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;

For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
O! quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

2 O! quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
O! quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O! quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
O! quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 O! quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
O! quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. TUTTIETT.

560

L.M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;

What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,

Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

WALTER SCOTT.

561

L.M.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains from their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came—
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm.
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, once wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

HEBER.

562

7.6. double.

THE world is old and sinful,
Its passing hour is near;
Keep watch, be hushed and sober,
The Judge's voice to hear;
The Judge in mercy coming,
The Judge enthroned in night;
All evil things to banish,
All good to crown with light.

117

THE FUTURE GLORY.

- 2 Rise, Christian, rise to meet Him!
Let wrong give way to right;
Let tears of godly sorrow
Melt into songs of light;—
The light that has no setting,
Too new for moon or sun;
So crystal-like and golden,
So like its Maker, one.
- 3 And when the Son shall render
The kingdom up once more;
And God the Father's glory
Shall brighten evermore;
Then light as yet unfolded
Shall open on the blest;
All mysteries revealing
Of holy, endless rest.

Trans. from BERNARD DE MORLAIX.

563

WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature, poor and low.

- 2 But when He cometh back once more,
There shall be set the great white throne,
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.
- 3 O Son of God! in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of Man! so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed.
- 4 Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, O teach us, by Thy grace,
To struggle onward into light.
- 5 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.
- 6 And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home,
Till from our hearts we love to say:
'Een so, Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

C. F. ALEXANDER.

564

8.8.6.

WHEN Thou, my righteous judge,
shalt come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What, if my name should be left out
When Thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent it, Saviour, by Thy grace;
Be Thou, O Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

118

- 4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
And see Thy smiling face:
Then with what rapture shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace!

COUNTRESS OF HUNTINGDON. WESLEY.

THE FUTURE GLORY.

565

7.6. double.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
And He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
- 3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

This hymn and the two which follow are parts of one Latin poem by Bernard of Morlaix (or Cluny), translated by J. M. Neale.

566

7.6. double.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

- 2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour;
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

THE FUTURE GLORY.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace ?
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The LORD shall be thy part :
His only, His for ever
Thou shalt be, and thou art !

567

7.6. double.

JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest !
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare !

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song ;
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast :
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
O realm and home of life !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

568

C.M.

'CALL all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee ;
Thou knowest how they long
To leave these broken lays, and aid
In heaven's unceasing song.'
Earth is the place of severance,
Sin, danger, and defect ;
Call all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee,
Accomplish Thine elect !

2 Father, the whole creation groans,
Till in Thine own abode,
Complete in number and in bliss,
Shine all the sons of God.
Let them be manifested, Lord !
One countless, sacred host,
From every world and bygone time,
From every clime and coast.

3 Prophets, apostles, martyrs, kings,
The sage, the little child ;
Confessing, through one wondrous death
They all are reconciled.
Lord, finish soon the mystery
Of human death and sin ;
Let time be ended, and the bright
'Eternity begin !'

P. J. BAILEY and G. RAWSON.

569

S.M.

'FOR ever with the Lord,'

Amen, so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word ;
'Tis immortality !

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

4 Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above !

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect fies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease ;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

7 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

8 Then, then, I feel that He,—
Remembered or forgot,—
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

Part II.

S.M.

'FOR ever with the Lord ;'

Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

2 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand ;
Fight, and I must prevail.

3 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

4 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord !'

J. MONTGOMERY.

570

C.M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

THE FUTURE GLORY.

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came;—
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

WATTS.

571

P.M.

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs
are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those bless'd
strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no
more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,
'Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you
come;'
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps
to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

4 Rest comes at length: though life be
long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night
be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the
weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches
keeping,
*Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
above;*

Till morning's joy shall end the night
of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloud-
less love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!
F. W. FABER.*

572

8.7. double.

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea
'Alleluia, Alleluia,
'Alleluia,' Lord, to Thee:

Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr, and evangelist,
Sainly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

C. WORDSWORTH.

573

L.M.

HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God! in us create;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do.

3 A life in heaven! O what is this?
The sum of all that faith believed:
Fulness of joy and depth of bliss,
Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms,
powers,
And saints made perfect, triumph thus:
A goodly heritage is ours,—
There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The church of Christ, the school of
grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word!
In those our Saviour's steps we trace;
By this His living voice is heard.

THE FUTURE GLORY.

6 Firm in His footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of His love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

J. MONTGOMERY.

574

C.M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!

Name ever dear to me ;
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls

And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's
bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
seas

I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,

Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!

My soul still pants for thee :
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Trans. LATIN HYMN.

575

66.66.88.

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home when'er I die,
The centre of my bliss :

O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

2 There dwells my Lord, my King,

Judged here unfit to live ;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give :

O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

3 The patriarchs of old

There from their travels cease ;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace :

O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

4 The Lamb's apostles there

I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold :

O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned ;
O happy place!

When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

6 Ah me! ah me! that I

In Kedar's tents here stay ;
No place like that on high ;
Lord, thither guide my way ;
O happy place!

When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

S. CROSSMAN.

576

L.M.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
L My Saviour, my eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,

Thy unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,

Where spotless saints Thy name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,

Where none can die,—where none re-
move ;

There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

C. ELLIOTT.

577

C.M.

LORD, if on earth the thought of Thee
L Be life, and strength, and peace,
How blessed shall that vision be
Which never more can cease!

2 How blest when we Thy glory see

In light without a shade ;—
The glory which surrounded Thee
Before the worlds were made!

3 Darkly to us, as through a glass,

Thy beauty now is shown ;
Then we shall see Thee face to face,
And know as we are known.

4 Then cleanse, O Lord, our hearts from
sin,

Hallow Thine own abode,
That naught unclean be found within
The temple of our God.

W. HAMMOND.

578

C.M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
L Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,

That I may long obey ;
If short—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?

THE FUTURE GLORY.

7 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made
me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

R. BAXTER.*

579

C.M.

O N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and
vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

S. STENNETT.

580

68.

O NE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Where pilgrims leave the cross,
And victors gain the crown.

4 But when that bound is reached,
A river, dark as night,
Will roll between my steps
And the blest realms of light.

122

5 Jesus, in whom I trust,
Perfect my feeble faith,
That I may calmly cross
The unknown stream of death.

6 I may not now be far
From the dark river's brink;
I may be near my home,—
Nearer than now I think.

P. CAREY.*

581

86.86.6666.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here,
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise!
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

F. W. FABER.*

582

C.M.

O WHO can comprehend the rest,
That rest which yet remains;
That happy kingdom of the blest,
Where our Redeemer reigns?

2 Infinite power defends the place
From all the assaults of hell;
Infinite, everlasting grace
Supplies the kingdom well.

3 Whilst labouring in the works of love,
With trials and with pains,
Saints! lift your joyful eyes above,
'Tis there your rest remains.

THE FUTURE GLORY.

4 Fountain of love! Thy grace impart
To animate my breast;
Let not an unbelieving heart
Deprive me of this rest.

5 There, in Thy blessed house above,
Grant me a humble place;
Where I may taste my Saviour's love,
And see His smiling face.

S. DEACON.

583

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
'Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!'

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness
And His blood that made them so.

5 Who were these? On earth they dwell,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we like them must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

J. MONTGOMERY.

584

SAPE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck;
But, O! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage-perils o'er:

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

3 No more the foe can harm,
No more of leagued camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed;
How nearly had the foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end.
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home;
O nights and days of tears!
O longings not to roam!
O *sins and doubts and fears!*

I

But now has come the glorious day
When God has wiped all tears away!

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM,
trans. J. M. NEALE.

585

THE happy fields, the heavenly host,
The realms of rest above,
Do make us glad some, Lord; but most
The holy land we love.

2 O! bright those golden gates must shine
That let no evil in!
That boundless region, how divine,
That hath no room for sin!

3 No room to weep o'er lustre lent,
O'er grace outpoured in vain;
No more in anguish to repent,
And then offend again!

4 But gloriously to spend that grace
We boundlessly receive;
Nor once Thine image to deface,
Nor once Thy Spirit grieve.

5 O! here Thy servants soon give o'er,
But half their work fulfil;
How faint their zeal! their strife how sore,
To climb the heavenly hill!

6 But there upon Thine errands sweet,
With what glad speed they run!
What smiling service! how complete
The work divinely done!

7 Still, Lord, with sorrow and with sin
Wars here Thy pilgrim band;
Yet blest the warfare that shall win
Thy heaven, our holy land.

T. H. GILL.

586

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne,
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. BAKER.

587

THERE is a heaven of perfect peace,
The eternal throne is there;
But what that tearless region is—
'It doth not yet appear.'

123

THE FUTURE GLORY.

- 2 And there are angels, strong and fair,
Who know not sin nor fear;
But what the robes of white they wear—
'It doth not yet appear.'
- 3 And there are ransomed spirits too,
Who once were pilgrims here;
But how the Saviour's face they view—
'It doth not yet appear.'
- 4 And there are sweet commingling
thoughts,
And blest communion there;
But how they blend their heavenly
notes—
'It doth not yet appear.'
- 5 And there is worship in the sky,
And songs of loftiest cheer;
But how they sweep their harps on high—
'It doth not yet appear.'
- 6 Then, O my soul, with patience wait;
The happy hour is near,
When thou shalt pass the pearly gate,
Where it will all appear!
- ELIEL DAVIS.

588

C.M.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, not death's cold
flood
Should fright us from the shore.
- WATTS.

589

S.M.

- T**HERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
- 2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.
- 3 *There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song!*

124

- 4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
- 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won!
- F. M. KNOLLIS.

590

C.M.

- T**HEE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven!
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!
- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins!
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary, day or night!
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord;
O by Thy life laid down;
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!
- C. F. ALEXANDER.

591

8s.

- W**HAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus
reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of His love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all His works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love divine,
Will there through endless ages shine!
- 3 Well, He has fixed the happy day
When the last tear shall fill our eyes;
And God shall wipe that tear away,
And fill us with a glad surprise
To hear His voice, and see His face,
And feel His infinite embrace!
- 4 This is the heaven I long to know;
For this with patience, I would wait;
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And with the elders, cast them down.
- J. SWAIN.

THE CHURCH.

592

27.87.77.

WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing—
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King!

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated
Day and night to serve Him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.
H. J. SCHENCK, *trans.* F. E. COX.

THE CHURCH.

ITS SECURITY AND BLESSEDNESS.

593

8.7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know!
J. NEWTON.

594

C.M.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels, clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blessed.
WATTS.

595

S.M.

THE church of God below,
Is like His church above;
Safe shielded from her every foe,
By heavenly power and love.

2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest;
And God within her courts is found
An omnipresent guest.

3 God loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and prayer;
And he that humbly on Him waits
Shall surely find Him there.

4 The church of God below
Shall yet more honoured be;
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.

5 O blest and favoured men
That in her courts are born;
Their life but sets to rise again,
In heaven's eternal morn!
H. F. LYTE.

596

C.M.

THERE is a river, deep and broad,
Its course no mortal knows;
It fills with joy the church of God,
And widens as it flows.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.
- 3 Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign;
The Lord Himself commands the peace,
And foes conspire in vain.
- 4 Along the shores, angelic bands
Watch every moving wave;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.
- 5 To them distressed souls repair,
The Lord invites them nigh;
They leave their cares and sorrows there,
They drink, and never die.
- 6 Flow on, sweet stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill;
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
And all obey His will.

W. HURN.

LOVE AND UNITY.

597

78.

- CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who Thy nature share,
Who Thy mystic body are.
- 2 Join us, in one Spirit join,
Let us still receive of Thine;
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.
- 3 Closer knit to Thee, our Head;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.
- 4 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with tender sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
- 5 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered our distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

WESLEY.

598

777.5.

- GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly Love.
- 2 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.

126

- 5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.
- 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly Love.

C. WORDSWORTH.

599

C.M

- HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,—
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and kind esteem,
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

J. SWAIN.

600

86.86.88.

- HOW sweet to think that all who love
The Saviour's precious name,
Who look by faith to Him above,
And own His gentle claim,—
Though severed wide by land or sea,
Are members of one family.
- 2 Christians who dwell on snow-clad
ground,
Or on the burning strand,
And those whose happy home is found
In our fair peaceful land,
Are linked by more than earthly tie,
And form one lovely family.
- 3 'Our Father' is the hallowed sound
They breathe from day to day;
Trained by His love, their steps are
found
In the same heavenward way;
Their joys are one, alike their fears,
The same bright hope their exile cheers.
- 4 Yes, they are one—though some, we
know,
Have reached the home of love;
But those who yet remain below
Are one with those above;
In that bright world are mansions fair,
And all will soon be gathered there.

H. WHITMORE.

601

78

- JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree:
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid all strife for ever cease.

MEETINGS OF CHRISTIANS.

- 2 By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear:
Come and spread Thy banner here!
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To Thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly:
Show how true believers die.

WESLEY.

602

JESUS, united by Thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

C.M.

- 2 To Thee, inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in Thee receive!
- 3 Make us into one Spirit drink,
Baptized into one name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards Thee.

WESLEY.*

603

THROUGH the night of doubt and
sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

8.7.

- 2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.
- 3 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
- 4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:
- 5 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty FATHER
Reigns in love for evermore.
- 6 Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb!
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

B. S. INGEMANN,
trans. S. BARING-GOULD.

MEETINGS OF CHRISTIANS.

604

L.M.

FROM distant places of our land,
Behold us, Lord, before Thee stand;
Our hearts engaged to Thee, we raise
United prayer, united praise.

- 2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour;
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Before Thy throne, in union sweet.
- 3 Through toils and trials we have come,
And grief has veiled the lot of some;
But now, exulting in Thy care,
We meet each other's joy to share.
- 4 We meet, O God, that through our land,
The churches planted by Thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord, free,
May bloom, like gardens blest by Thee.
- 5 We meet abroad the news to send
Of Christ the Lord, the sinner's friend,
Till, to the earth's remotest bound,
Has pealed the soul-reviving sound.
- 6 Smile on us, Lord, and in this place
Display the glory of Thy face;
Here to our gathered tribes be given,
A gladdening antepast of heaven.

W. L. ALEXANDER.*

605

L.M.

KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all He did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

J. NEWTON.

606

S.M.

PRESERVED by power divine
To meet each other here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in His sight appear.

- 2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

THE CHURCH.

3 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us, by His love;
And still He doth His help afford,
And hides our life above.

4 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

5 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

WESLEY.*

607

STILL on the homeward journey,
Across the desert plain,
Beside another landmark,
We pilgrims meet again;
We meet in cloud and sunshine,
Beneath a changeful sky,
With calm and storm before us,
As in the days gone by.

2 We meet with loving greetings,
Fond wishes from the heart;
As brothers often parted,
And soon again to part:
With tender recollections,
With many a gentle tear,
We meet; for some are wanting;
All loved ones are not here.

3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
With Him for ever blest,
How glorious is their portion,
How undisturbed their rest:
How gladly will they greet us,
When, all our journey past,
We reach the better country,
The Father's house, at last.

4 Thus, round the silent landmark,
Here, on the desert plain,
We pilgrims meet together,
With loving hearts again:
The storm may gather round us,
But Christ has gone before;
We follow in His footsteps,
And doubt and fear no more.

J. BORTHWICK.

CHRISTIANS PARTING.

608

BE with us all for evermore,
Far parted though on earth we be:
For O! to yonder sunlit shore
We have no other guide but Thee!

L.M.

2 Be with us all, in strength and grace
For daily need, for holy vow:
Let suffering hearts Thy dealings trace;
Touch tenderly the fevered brow.

3 Be with us all! We cannot know
What sudden storm the hours may
bring:

*In all temptation, joy and woe,
To Thee for aid still let us cling.*

4 And when we cease to strive and sigh,
Where time's uncertainties are o'er,
'Mid strains of heaven and glories high,
Be with us all for evermore!

A. BOND.

609

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

C.M.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace;
Expect His fulness to receive
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

WESLEY

610

BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

S.M.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. FAWCETT.

611

HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;

INVITATION TO CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

- The hope when days and years are past
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven:
The hope when days and years are past
We all shall meet in heaven.
- 2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot:
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot?
Yet still we share the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.
- 3 From Burmah's shores, from Africa's
strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.
- 4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There, friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal grows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.
A. SUTTON.
- 2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!
- 3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell:
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.
- 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee:
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their Help shalt be.
- 5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream
- 6 Farewell! in hope, and love.
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till He whose home is ours above
Unite us there!
G. WATSON.
- INVITATION TO CHURCH
FELLOWSHIP.

612

65.65.6665.

- WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes;
Never, no never.
- 2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no never.
- 3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever.
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no never.
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from earthly woes;
Our song of praise shall close,
Never, no never.
ALABIC WATTS.

613

6.6.8.4.

- WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

614

78.

- BRETHREN, we have found the Lord
Faithful to His loving word:
You would joy to know His grace,
Come and seek our Father's face.
- 2 Some of us were near despair.
When we came to Him in prayer,—
Came to joyful, sweet relief,
For He helped our unbelief.
- 3 Some drew nigh in childhood's hour,
Drawn by love's resistless power;
Ere we felt a grief, or fear,
Grace and love were shining clear.
- 4 Some returned to God so late,
Had His mercy been less great,
We had missed the life of bliss,
As we lost the joy of this.
- 5 But our witness now is one—
He for us great things hath done:
When we learned on Him to call,
His compassions saved us all.
- 6 Brethren, see the Saviour's face
Turned to you with boundless grace:
Love Him, trust Him, join our song—
Mercies to our God belong!
E. H. JACKSON.

615

C.M.

- COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 In weal or woe, in joy, or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear,
They lend their mutual powers.
129

THE CHURCH.

- 4 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.
- 5 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.

J. MONTGOMERY

616

C. M.

- O COME with us, we're journeying on,
A happier land to seek;
O come with us, the race we run
Is promised to the weak.
- 2 O come with us, the desert drear
Shall yield us heavenly food;
O come with us, no danger fear,
And we will do you good.
- 3 Perplexing doubts and trials too,
May meet us on the road;
The cloud that hides our onward view
But marks a present God.
- 4 The barren sand with plenty teems,
While He directs our feet;
And dark affliction's bitter streams,
When touched by Him, grow sweet.
- 5 And soon shall rise upon our sight
Fair Canaan's happy shore;
And we shall pass with calm delight
The stream He passed before.
- 6 Then come with us, our journeyings
share,
And share our heavenly food;
And He that hears and answers prayer,
Our God, will do you good.

ANON.

RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

617

L. M.

- JESUS, Thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns Thy Gospel with suc-
cess,
Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,
And gathering to Thy fold Thine own.
- 2 Those who have now Thy truth con-
fessed,
As their own faith and hope and rest,
We in Thy name with joy embrace
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.
- 3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
In all Thy ways with vigour move,
And in Thy service faithful prove.
- 4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end;
Ever abiding in Thy love,
Until they join the church above

W. H. BATHURST.

618

C. M.

- O CHRIST, with all Thy members one,
In us Thou sufferest still;
And with Thine own victorious might
Our fainting souls dost fill.

130

- 2 Make these henceforth Thy care, O
Lord!

Who would Thy servants be;
And teach them how in days of strife
To rest secure in Thee.

- 3 Through suffering Thou wast perfected,
And they must follow Thee
Through paths of darkness and of toil,
If they would crown'd be.

- 4 In darkness be their guiding light;
In toil their stay and strength;
And let them not the warfare fear,
Its soreness or its length.

- 5 For conflicts here in heaven are crowns;
Sweet rest for toil and strife;
For pain and grief is rapture high:
For death abundant life.

R. A. BERTRAM.

619

S. M.

- O LORD, Thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.

- 2 Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore Thy grace.

- 3 Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since Thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To Thee my vows I'll pay.

- 4 My soul to Jesus joined,
By faith and hope and love,
Now seeks to dwell among Thy saints,
And rest with them above.

- 5 Accept, O Lord, my heart,
To Thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause Thy saints to grieve.

B. BEDDOME.

620

78

- PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,

Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine, the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour;
'Follow Me!' I know the voice,
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
Light Thy burden now to me!

J. MONTGOMERY.

ORDINATION AND RECOGNITION OF MINISTERS.

621

L.M.

THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth Thy choicest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends Thy flock?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should Thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of Thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be:
A wondrous feast of love appears,
Bought with Thy agony and tears.

5 His dearest flesh He makes my bread,
For wine His richest blood is shed:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Belovèd lead me home.

WATTS.*

PRAYER FOR REVIVAL.

622

L.M.

GREAT Lord of all Thy churches!
hear

Thy ministers' and people's prayer:
Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies!

2 Revive Thy churches with Thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

3 May young and old Thy word receive;
Dead sinners hear Thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

4 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And, when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seeds of praise;
In humble hope that Thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer

KINGSBURY.

623

L.M.

HEAR, gracious Sovereign! from Thy
throne,
And send Thy various blessings down:
While by Thine Israel Thou art sought,
Attend the prayer Thy word hath
taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let Thy Godlike power be known.

3 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest
eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they

SCOTT.

4 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around Thy temple gate:
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee!

DODDRIDGE.

624

S.M.

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare:
Speak with the voice that wakes the
dead,

And make Thy people hear.
2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death:
Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By Thine Almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
O may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

A. MIDLANE.

PRAYER FOR INCREASE OF
EVANGELISTS.

625

S.M.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry:
Answer Thy people's earnest prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view:
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.

3 Raise up and send forth more
Into Thy church abroad;
And let them speak Thy word with
power,

As workers with their God.
4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread Thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love!

WESLEY.*

ORDINATION AND RECOGNITION
OF MINISTERS.

626

L.M.

FATHER of mercies! bow Thine ear.
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

131

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Clothe, Thou, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be
Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace adore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.
- B. BEDDOME.

627

- C.M.
- LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there:
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our
faults
Lord, how should we appear?
- 4 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see!
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.
- DODDRIDGE.

628

- L.M.
- REAPER, behold! the fields are
white
With the great harvest of the world;
Soldier, seek thou the thickest fight,
Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.
- 2 Wise to win souls, exhort, reprove,
And watch the flock redeemed by
blood:
Warn with thy tears, preach in deep
love
The gospel of the grace of God.
- 3 Toil on in the appointed way,
The precious fruit shall soon appear;
Work thou thy work whilst it is day;
The shadows lengthen, night is near.
- 4 Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,
The welcome cry, 'Behold I come!'
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
And rest thee in thy heavenly home.
- G. RAWSON.

629

- L.M.
- THE Saviour, when to heaven He rose
In splendid triumph o'er His foes,
Scattered His gifts on men below;
And wide His royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the apostles' honoured
name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

- 3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While, guarded by His potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun:
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- DODDRIDGE.

630

- L.M.
- WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a servant; so He came,
And we receive thee in His stead.
- 2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a watchman; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And, when the sword comes on the
land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an angel; hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, safely walking at thy side,
We faint not, fall not, turn, nor stray.
- 5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live, to behold our large increase,
And die, to meet us all above.
- J. MONTGOMERY.

MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

631

- L.M.
- POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! Thine assembled servants
bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe us all with righteousness.
- 2 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost
love;—
- 3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep
- 4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be Thine!
- J. MONTGOMERY.*

632

- 7.6.
- WE praise Thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

BAPTISM.

2 The bruised reed, O Jesus,
Thou breakest not in twain ;
The smoking flax Thou fannest
Into a flame again.

3 From Thee, Lord, comes the courage
Once more to front the host,
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

4 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold ;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

5 Our hearts, so frail and feeble,
With love like Thine, Lord, fill,
That scorneth not the erring,
But hopeth all things still.

6 O Saviour, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win.

W. W. HOW. *

633

C.M.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for using us,
For Thee to work and speak ;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

2 We thank Thee, Lord, that some true
rays
Of Thine from us have shone
Into a world so dark as ours,
However faint and wan.

3 For those to whom, through us, Thou
hast
Some heavenly guidance given ;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.

4 For solace ministered perchance
In days of grief and pain ;
For peace to troubled weary souls
Not spoken all in vain.

5 Lord, keep us still the same, as in
Remembered days of old ;
O keep us fervent still in love,
Mid many waxing cold :—

6 Thy name to name, Thyself to own,
With voice unflinching,
And face as bold and unshamed,
As in our Christian spring.

H. BONAR.

DEATH OF A MINISTER.

634

C.M.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry :
Why should those eyes be drowned in
grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?

2 What though the arm of conquering
death
Does God's own house invade ?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead ?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue,—

4 The Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.

5 'Lo, I am with you,' saith the Lord,
'My church shall safe abide ;
For I will ne'er forsake My own,
Whose souls in Me confide.'

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust :
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are turned to dust.

DODDRIDGE.

CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

BAPTISM.

635

7.6.

AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine open grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of gladness,
To keep Thy blest command :
So Thee in faith we follow,
And trace Thy path of love,
Through the strange solemn waters,
Up to Thy throne above.

2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When in Thy love's deep pity
The waves did o'er Thee roll :
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us Thy blood was shed ;
For us the Lord of glory
Was numbered with the dead.

3 But now Thou art arisen !
Thy travail all is o'er,
Once Thou for sin hast suffered,
And Thou shalt die no more !
Crowned with immortal honour,
Because of that dark bed,
Give us to share Thy triumph,
Thou First-born from the dead !

4 Into Thy death baptized,
O let us with Thee die !
And clothe us with Thy risen life,
And wholly sanctify :
So freed from the old nature,
And ransomed by Thy blood,
May we pass on to glory,
Alive with Thee to God.

J. G. DECK.

636

C.M.

BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies :
Faith views Him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds Him rise.

2 Thus it becomes His saints to-day
Their ardent zeal to express ;
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

- 3 With joy we in His footsteps tread,
And would His cause maintain,
Like Him be numbered with the dead,
And with Him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When He commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.
- 5 Now we, blest Jesus, would to Thee
Our grateful voices raise:
Washed in the fountain of Thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

B. BEDDOME.

637

78.

- C**HILDREN of the King of grace,
As from earth to heaven ye go,
Your Redeemer's footsteps trace,
Follow Him in all ye do.
- 2 His sweet presence you will find
Shining on you as ye go:
Cast your fears and cares behind;
Trust Him, He will bring you through.
- 3 You are buried with the Lord;
In the Lord you rise again;
Now you live upon His word
Who, to ransom you, was slain.
- 4 Hear the voice that speaks from heaven,
'This is My appointed way:'
You, whose sins He has forgiven,
Follow Him without delay.
- 5 Mighty Saviour! we obey
Thy divine, commanding voice;
Thou hast taught our feet the way,
In Thy mandate we rejoice.
- 6 On Thy promise we rely,
Hear us from Thy lofty throne:
Shine upon us, from on high,
Bless and seal us as Thy own.

J. SWAIN.

638

C.M.

- D**EAR Lord, and will Thy pardoning
love
Embrace a soul so vile?
Wilt Thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with Thy smile?
- 2 Hast Thou discharged my dreadful debt,
And set the prisoner free?
Canst Thou each bold affront forget,
And save a wretch like me?
- 3 And shall my proud rebellious heart
Yet murmur at Thy will?
Shall I from Thy commands depart,
And wander from Thee still?
- 4 Hast Thou for me the cross endured,
And all the shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With Thee to be baptized?
- 5 Didst Thou the great example lead
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain a deed
That's worthy of my God?

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- 6 And shall I still rebellious stand?
Let fear and shame be gone!
This ordinance is Thy command;
Thy will, my God, be done!

J. FELLOWS.

639

87.4

- H**AST Thou said, exalted Jesus,
'Take thy cross and follow Me?'
Shall the word with terror seize us,
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it;
And, rejoicing, follow Thee.
- 2 While this liquid-tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No, I'll enter;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
- 3 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love for me:
Sweeter still the love that binds me,
In its deathless bond, to Thee:
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!
- 4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss;
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.
- 5 Fellowship with Him possessing,
Let me die to all around;
So I rise to enjoy the blessing
Kept for those in Jesus found,
When the archangel
Wakes the sleepers under ground.
- 6 Then, baptized in love and glory,
Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing;
Loudly with the immortal story
All the harps of heaven shall ring;
Saints and seraphs,
Sound it loud from every string!

J. E. GILES.

640

87.

- H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's atoning blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod:
Flee to Him your only Saviour,
In His mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own Him as your only guide.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to His gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make His ways your choice:
Jesus says, 'Let each believer
Be baptized in My name:'
He Himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here His footsteps tracing,
Follow Him without delay;
Gladly His command embracing,
Your Forerunner leads the way:

BAPTISM.

View the rite with understanding;
Jesus' grave before you lies!
Be interred at His commanding,—
After His example rise.

J. FAWCETT.

641

C.M.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes;
'Hinder me not,' shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at His command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when our Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
'Hinder me not; come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.'

J. RYLAND.

642

L.M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning-Star! bids darkness
flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush,—be this my shame
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

J. GRIGG.

643

C.M.

O LORD, whilst we confess the worth
Of this, the outward seal,
Teach us the truths herein set forth,
Deep in our hearts to feel.

- 2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our portion now,
A risen Lord our trust.
- 3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of Thine eternal life,
With every sin, for Thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.

- 4 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God:
Baptized in Thine, with joy we claim
The merits of Thy blood.

- 5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd prove His mighty power;
And, making Thee our only boast,
Obey Thee hour by hour.

M. BOWLY.'

644

C.M.

THIS the great Father we adore
In this baptismal sign:
'Tis He whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.

- 2 The Father hailed Him; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As, in the image of His death,
We own our heavenly Friend.
- 3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path He trod:
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God!
- 4 Blest Spirit! with intense desire,
Solicitous we bow;
Baptize us in renewing fire,
And ratify the vow.
- 5 Let earth and heaven our pledge record,
And future witness bear,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

M. G. SAFFERY.

645

C.M.

WE gave ourselves to Thee, O Lord,
Content to be despised;
When we, obedient to Thy word,
Believed, and were baptized.

- 2 Then we avowed that we would die
Unto the world and sin,
And live for immortality,
And be for ever Thine.
- 3 O never may our souls forget
Those solemn, joyful days,
Which live in grateful memory yet,
And prompt our hearts to praise.
- 4 Let not those holy joys be lost,
Let not our love expire;
Baptize us in the Holy Ghost,
Baptize in sacred fire!
- 5 And these who own their Lord to-day,
O keep them true and pure;
May they Thy glorious grace display,
And to the end endure.

B. W. NOEL.

646

C.M.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak:
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely;
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways:
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

B. BEDDOME.

- 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come!

- 6 O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

G. RAWSON.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

647

c.m.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,—
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come:
Then, Lord, remember me!

J. MONTGOMERY.

648

q8.q8.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken;
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

R. HEBER.

649

8.8.8.4.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come!

- 2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come!
- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come!
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal-night,
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come!

650

78.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

- 2 Jesus, we Thy promise claim,
We are met in Thy great name,
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here:
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace.
- 3 Make us all in Thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to stand before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light:
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb!

WESLEY.*

651

L.M.

COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part;
To prove the virtue of that food
Which burst on Calvary from His heart:

- 2 To feed by faith on Christ, my bread,—
His body broken on the tree;
To live in Him, my living Head,
Who died and rose again for me;—
- 3 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus! in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.
- 4 From Thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of Thy dying love;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.
- 5 Ah! there, though in the lowest place,
Thee at Thy table I could meet,
And see Thee, know Thee, face to face:
For such a moment death were sweet.
- 6 What then will their fruition be,
Who meet in heaven with blest accord?
A moment? No; eternity!
They are 'for ever with the Lord.'

J. MONTGOMERY.

652

C.M.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died!

- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me,—but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The stonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

653

ROS.

- HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face
to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things
unseen;
Here I would grasp with firmer hand
Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here I would feed upon the bread of
God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine
of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly
load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-
giveness.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for
me;
Here let me feast, and feasting, still
prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship
with Thee.
- 4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disap-
pear;
The feast, though not the love, is past
and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou
art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and
sun.
- 5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes
by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast
above;
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss
and love.

H. BONAR.

654

C.M.

- HOW sweet and sacred is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts and all our tongues
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, in thankful songs,
'Lord, why was I a guest?
- 3 'Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched
choice,
And rather starve than come?'
- 4 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

- 5 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

WATTS.*

655

C.M.

- IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—
- 2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?
- 3 While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,
'Meet, and remember Me!'
- 4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy
shame,
Our worthless hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

GERARD T. NOEL.

656

L.M.

- JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him
not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we
have,
Apt to forget His lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, He gave
These kind memorials of His grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With His own flesh and dying blood:
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him
- 5 While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near His face.
- 6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait Thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

WATTS.

657

78.

- JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread!
- 2 While upon Thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 3 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

131

CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

- 4 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
- 5 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till aroud Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

R. H. BAYNES.

658

S.M.

- J**ESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
And, in Thine own appointed way,
We come to meet Thee, Lord.
- 2 Thus we remember Thee;
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
- 3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.
- 4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.
- 5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

659

7B.

- L**AMB of God, whose dying love
Now Thy saints recall to mind,
Hear us, bless us, from above;
Let us all Thy mercy find.
- 2 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
Every sinner's pardon seal;
All in Thee be justified,
Every soul Thy comfort feel.
- 3 By Thine agony of pain,
By Thy precious blood, we pray;
Cleanse our hearts from every stain,
Take our load of guilt away.
- 4 Burst our bonds and set us free;
Bid our fear and sorrow cease;
O remember Calvary!
Saviour! bid us go in peace.

WESLEY.*

660

C.M.

- L**ORD, at Thy table I behold
The wonders of Thy grace;
But most of all, admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 3 'Eat, O My friends,' the Saviour cries,
'The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumphed too.'
- 4 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept Thy love:
Rich is Thy banquet here below,
But richer far above.

Lord, we accept Thy love:
Rich is Thy banquet here below,
But richer far above.

138

- 5 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 6 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join in harmony.

J. STENNETT.

661

C.M.

- L**ORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth, of love!
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with Thee above!
- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down;
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor
height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 O! teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee!
- 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one!

J. G. DECK.

662

L.M.

- O** HAPPY day, that fixed my choice,
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.

663

S.S.&G.

- O** THOU who didst this rite reveal,
Of our blest faith the sign and seal,
To Thee in spirit, Lord, we kneel,
Met to remember Thee.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 Thou, faintly loved and feebly sought,
Too oft forsaken and forgot;
With contrite shame, with sorrowing
thought,
Lord, we remember Thee.

3 Thou in our suffering flesh hast dwelt;
Guiltless, our load of guilt hast felt;
Shall not our hearts within us melt,
Saviour, remembering Thee?

4 'Twas love, untold, unfathomed love,
Which brought Thee from Thy throne
above;
And shall not love our bosoms move,
While we remember Thee?

5 Thy dying words, O Lord, we hail,—
Though heart and flesh must faint and
fall,
Through Thee the feeblest shall prevail,
Who live by faith in Thee.

J. A. ELLIOTT.

664

'TILL He come,' O let the words ^{78.}
Linger on the trembling chords:
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that, 'Till He come.'

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only, 'Till He come.'

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is lost,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, 'Till He come.'

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, 'Till He come.'

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

665

L.M.

WHAT mysteries, Lord, in Thee com-
bine!
Jesus, once mortal, yet Divine!
The first, the last; the end, the head;
The source of life among the dead.

2 O love beyond the stretch of thought!
What matchless wonders hath it
wrought!
My faith, while she the grace declares,
Trembles beneath the load she bears.

3 Hail, royal Conqueror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, strong to save:
For ever live, for ever reign,
And prosperous may Thy throne re-
main!

K

4 Thy saints, obedient to Thy word,
With humble joy surround Thy board;
And, long as time pursues its race,
Proclaim Thy death and shout Thy
grace.

5 In the full choir, where angels join
Their harps of melody divine,
Thy death inspires a song of praise
New through Thy life's eternal days.

DODDRIDGE.

WORSHIP OF THE
CHURCH.

666 THE LORD'S DAY.

C.M.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray:
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell
With His expiring breath.

4 And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While, broken 'neath His powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn,

A. L. BARBAULD.

667

L.M.

A NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blessed.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may
rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet re-
pose
Which none, but him that feels it,
knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

139

WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH.

5 With joy, great God, Thy works we view.

In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past
With hope we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

J. STENNETT.

668

86.84.

HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that gladly sing
Glad songs of peace.

4 All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

5 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
Bright foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

G. THERING.

669

78.78.77.

LIGHT of light, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning;
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest!

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me:
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
Which Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
'Holy, Holy, Holy,' singing,
Rapt, awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in Thee;
Build a Paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed love who didst to win me;
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

110

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majesty!
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

B. SCHMOLKE, *trans.* C. WINKWORTH.

670

7.6. double.

O DAY of rest and gladness!
O day of joy and light!

O balm of care and sadness!
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing 'Holy, Holy, Holy,'
To the great God triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
And there our voice uprising
With all the heavenly host,
Sing praise to God the Father,
The Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. WORDSWORTH.

671

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my
King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and
sing;

To show Thy love by morning light,
And speak of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His
word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep Thy counsel! how divine!

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 4 But O! what triumphs shall I raise
To Thy dear name through endless days,
When in the realms of joy I see
Thy face in full felicity!
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy!

WATTS.

672

7.6. double.

- THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some enchanted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
Mid weary waste of sand.
- 2 O day, when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy!
And trial changed to blessing,
That foes may not destroy;
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast!
- 3 Lord, we would bring for offering,—
Though marred with earthly soil,—
A week of earnest labour.
Of steady, faithful, toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.
- 4 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone;
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won!
- 5 May we in joy and gladness,
Reach Thy dear home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity!

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

673

L.M.

- THE day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was
poured:
- O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.
- 2 This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.
- 4 O day of light and life and grace!
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above!
- 5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore.

W. W. HOW.

674

S.M.

- THIS is the day of Light!
Let there be light to-day!
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of Rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of Peace!
Thy Peace our spirits fill!
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease;
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of Prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the First of days!
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death!

J. ELLERTON.

675

L.M.

- THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now to heal, to bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.
- 2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.
- 3 Shine on those unseen things, displayed
To faith's far-penetrating eye;
And let their splendour cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.
- 4 Shine in the hearts of those most dear,
Disperse each cloud 'twixt them and
Thee:
Their glorious heavenward prospects
clear,
'Light in Thy light,' O let them see!
- 5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall
chase
The blinding film from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 6 Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no night!

O. ELLIOTT.

WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH.

EXHORTATION TO WORSHIP.

676

11. 10. 11. 10.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the throne of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Here dwells the Father! love's waters are streaming
Forth from the throne of God, plentiful and pure;
Come to His temple for mercy redeeming;
Earth has no sorrow that He cannot cure.

3 Here waits the Saviour! all gentle and loving,
Ready to meet us, His grace to reveal;
On Him cast the burden, trustfully coming;
Earth has no sorrow that Christ cannot heal.

4 Here speaks the Comforter! Light of the straying;
Hope of the penitent; Advocate sure;
Joy of the desolate; tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot cure!'

T. MOORE.

677

7.6. double.

YE children of the Father,
For whom the Son did die,
Close, close around Him gather;
Ye cannot come too nigh.
Draw near, by Him invited,
Made bold by His own might,
By His own smile delighted,
With His own presence bright.

2 Throw every power and passion
Into each song, each prayer;
Bring a free, full oblation!
Let all your strength be there!
With utmost rapture greet Him!
Your inmost souls outpour!
Spirit to spirit meet Him;
Within the veil adore:

3 Thou openest, Lord! we enter;
Thouallest; lo! we come.
Within the veil we venture,
And find our Lord at home.
Here, nigh to Thee, we tarry;
Here, close we wait on Thee,
And when we go to glory,
'Twill be Thy face to see.

T. H. GILL.

THE JOY OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

678

S.M.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
'Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.'

142

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door:
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God:
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

4 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

5 For friends and brethren dear
Our prayers shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace!

J. MONTGOMERY.

679

C.M.

HOW lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to Thee!

2 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a verdant, fruitful dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

3 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer;
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

4 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright:
No good from them shall be withheld,
Whose ways are just and right.

MILTON.

680

6.6.8.

HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry—
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Sion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Sion, thrice happy place!
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

4 My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

WATTS.

BLESSINGS SOUGHT.

681

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place
 Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
 The brightness of Thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
 To view Thy blest abode;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee, the living God.

3 For in Thy courts one single day
 'Tis better to attend,
 Than, Lord, in any place besides
 A thousand days to spend.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they
 Who in Thy temple always dwell,
 And there Thy praise display!

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore!

c.m.

TATE and BRADY.

682

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O! my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 King of glory, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thine altars, O Most High!
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In their heavenly Father's breast:
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe:
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies:
 On they go from strength to strength
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
 Guide me through a world of sin;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace;
 Give me at Thy side a place:
 Sun and shield alike Thou art,
 Guide and guard my erring heart;
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

7^b.

H. F. LYTE.

683

BRIGHT Thy presence when it
 breaketh,
 Lord, on some rapt soul apart;
 Sweet Thy Spirit when it speaketh
 Peace unto some lonely heart;
 Blest the raptures
 ; From unaided lips that start.

8.7.4.

2 But more bright Thy presence dwelleth
 In a waiting, burning throng;
 Yet more sweet the rapture swelleth
 Of a many-voiced song:
 More divinely
 Glows each soul glad souls among.

3 What a mighty prayer love bringeth,
 When true hearts together yearn!
 What a fragrant fire upspringeth,
 When glad lips together burn!
 Bright their journey,
 Heavenward who together turn.

4 Not alone each angel waiteth;
 Not apart each seraph sings;
 Lo! the heavenly host dilateth,
 Circling bright the King of kings:
 List! the rapture
 From ten thousand voices rings.

5 With that radiant throng supernal,
 Grant me, Lord, to shine for Thee;
 With that harmony eternal,
 Blend my song eternally,
 Let me love Thee
 Dearer still in company!

T. H. GILL.

684

86.86.88.

THIS sweet, O God, to sing Thy praise
 Till all our spirits glow;
 And we can almost seem to raise
 The notes of heaven below;
 Hearts all on fire, and feelings strong,
 And souls all melting in our song.

2 But, O! if songs like these are sweet,
 Far sweeter those must be
 Where all Thy ransomed ones shall
 meet
 From sin and sorrow free;
 Where nought of discord can intrude
 To mar that mighty multitude.

3 How vast that heavenly temple is!
 How ravishing the song!
 O how unspeakable the bliss
 Of that exulting throng!
 Swelling, for evermore, the strain
 Of praise to Him who once was slain.

4 Ours, Saviour, may these raptures be,
 When earthly joys are past;
 And having lived on earth to Thee,
 May we exchange at last
 This house—these hours of praise and
 prayer,
 For holier, happier worship there.

T. R. TAYLOR.

BLESSINGS SOUGHT.

685

L.M.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
 O! in what divers pains they met;
 O! with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
 Oppressed with various ills draw near:
 What if Thy form we cannot see?
 We know and feel that Thou art here.

WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some are pressed with worldly
care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions bear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;

5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them
pain,

Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would
hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. TWELLS.

686

C.M.

BEFORE Thy mercy-seat, O Lord!
Behold Thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of Thy word,
The guidance of Thy hand.

2 Let Thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from Thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store;
And teach us, as we read, to feel
Its value more and more.

4 Help us to see a Saviour's love
Shining in every page;
And let the thought of joys above
Our inmost souls engage.

5 Thus, while Thy word our footsteps
guides,
O may we safely go
To those fair realms where love provides
A final rest from woe!

W. H. BATHURST.

687

L.M.

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we Thy true disciples be!
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, 'Follow Me.'

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 With Thee and Thine for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne sur-
round,

Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.
J. MONTGOMERY.

688

78.

IN Thy presence we appear:
Lord, we love to worship here,
When, within the veil, we meet
Thee upon Thy mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend.
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads:
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While Thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy Gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through Thy name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus speaking from the throne.

6 From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say,
'We have walked with God to-day.'

J. MONTGOMERY.

689

L.M.

JESUS, assembled in Thy name,
Thy promise at Thy hand we claim!
We do believe: O let us see
Great signs and wonders wrought by
Thee.

2 Now let Thy mighty power be known;
Now break or melt these hearts of stone,
We do believe: shall we not see
New signs and wonders wrought by
Thee?

3 Claim now the souls whom Thou hast
bought;
Fetch home the wanderers Thou hast
sought;

See, Lord, we bring our sick to Thee:
Let this the hour of mercy be.

4 O loving Saviour, mighty Lord!
We rest on Thine all-faithful word;
We do believe: and we shall see
Yet greater wonders wrought by Thee.

RYLE'S COLLECTION.

690

78.

LORD, we come before Thee now:
At Thy feet we humbly bow,
O do not our suit disdain:
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend:
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

CLOSE OF SERVICE.

- 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay:
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford:
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return:
Those that are cast down lift up:
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. HAMMOND.

691

8s.

- O GOD of our forefathers! hear,
And make Thy faithful mercies
known:
To Thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom Thou art well-pleas'd that we
Thy smiling face should ever see.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before Thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice,
Which brings Thy grace on sinners
down,
And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through His only name,
Forgiveness in His blood, we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through Him, who died our souls to
save,
To sanctify us by His blood,
And fill us with the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold Thy dying Son!
And hear the blood that speaks above;
In us be all Thy graces shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art!

WESLEY.*

692

L.M.

- O THOU, the true and only light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,
And bring them 'neath Thy sheltering
care,
To find their blest redemption there.
- 2 Illumine those who blindly roam,
O call the wanderer kindly home;
The hearts astray that union crave,
And those in doubt confirm and save.
- 3 O that the deaf may hear Thy voice,
The dumb to speak of Thee rejoice;
The thankless heart its silence break,
And, taught by Thee, confession make.
- 4 Those who in error wander wide,
Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide;
Whom sin hath bruised and wounded,
Heal,
To all the hope of glory seal.

- 5 So they who sing Thy praise above
With us shall join in bonds of love;
And Thee for all Thy grace adore,
On earth, in heaven, for evermore.

HEERMAN, trans. W. BALL.

CLOSE OF SERVICE.

693

10s.

- A BIDE with me, fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens: Lord, with
me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with
me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,
Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of
kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with
me!
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour,—
What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me!
- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 7 Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me
to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with
me!

H. F. LYTE.

694

7s

- A S the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love His name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way:
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

145

WORSHIP OF THE CHURCH.

3 From His holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet,
Still in sweet communion join.

4 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

5 Jesus! hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep!

6 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

J. NEWTON.

695

L.M.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.

H. K. WHITE.

696

L.M.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell

By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be exprest.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;

Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length

Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, through Christ His Son.

WATTS.

697

L.M.

ENTER our hearts, Redeemer blest!
Enter, Thou ever-honoured guest;
Not for one transient hour alone,
But there to fix Thy lasting throne.

2 Own this mean dwelling as Thy home,
And when our life's last hour is come,
Let us but die as in Thy sight,
And death shall vanish in delight.

DODDRIDGE.

698

7s. double.

HOLY Father! whom we praise
With imperfect accents here;
Ancient of eternal days,
Lord of heaven, and earth, and air;
Stooping from amid the blaze
Of the flaming seraphim;
Hear and help us while we raise
This our Sabbath evening-hymn.

146

2 We have trod Thy temple, Lord;
We have joined the public praise;
We have heard Thy holy word;
We have sought Thy heavenly grace:
All Thy goodness we record;
All our powers to Thee we bring;
Let Thy faithfulness afford
Now the shadow of Thy wing.

3 We have seen Thy dying love—
Jesus! once for sinners slain;
We will follow Thee above;
We, like Thee, would rise and reign.
Let revolving Sabbaths prove
Seasons of delight in Thee:
Let Thy presence, holy Dove,
Fit us for eternity.

T. BINNEY.

699

8.7.4

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing
L Fill our hearts with joy and peace
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:

O refresh us!

Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:

May Thy presence

With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,

May we ready

Rise and reign in endless day!

W. SHIRLEY.

700

8.7

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour
And the Father's boundless love
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. NEWTON.

701

7s.

NOW may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,—
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight:
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

J. NEWTON.

CLOSE OF SERVICE.

702

OUR day of praise is done :
 The evening shadows fall ;
 But pass not from us with the sun,
 True Light that lightenest all !

2 Around the throne on high,
 Where night can never be,
 The white-robed harpers of the sky
 Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here ;
 Too soon of praise we tire ;
 But, O the strains, how full and clear,
 Of that eternal choir !

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
 If Thou attune the heart,
 We in Thine angels' music still
 May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim,
 And make our daily life a psalm
 Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
 Shall come the glorious end ;
 And songs of angels and of men
 In perfect praise shall blend.

S.M.

J. ELLERTON.

703

PART in peace—Christ's life was peace ;
 Let us live our life in Him :
 Part in peace—Christ's death was peace :
 Let us die our death in Him.
 Part in peace—Christ promise gave
 Of a life beyond the grave,
 Where all mortal partings cease ;
 Holy brethren, part in peace !

7s. double.

S. F. ADAMS.

704

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name
 we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of
 praise :
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship
 cease ;
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word
 of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our home-
 ward way ;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end
 the day ;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
 hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon
 Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
 coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light :
 From harm and danger keep Thy chil-
 dren free,
 For dark and light are both alike to
 Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our
 earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
 strife ;

10s.

Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
 conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. ELLERTON.

705

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go :
 Thy word into our minds instil ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.

2 The day is done ; its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty ;
 And loving hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared :
 Let not our works with self be soiled,
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful,—unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
 Thou art our Jesus and our All.

8s.

CHORUS.

Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

F. W. FABER.

706

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
 The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
 To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
 Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy church un-
 sleeping,
 While earth rolls onward into light,
 Through all the world her watch is
 keeping,
 And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
 The dawn leads on another day,
 The voice of prayer is never silent,
 Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is wakening
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
 But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

98, 98.

J. ELLERTON.

707

THE Lord be with us as we bend
 His blessing to receive,
 His gift of peace upon us send,
 Before His courts we leave.

C.M.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.
- 4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest
day,
And guard His people's sleep.

J. ELLERTON.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

708

L.M.

AND dost Thou say, 'Ask what thou wilt?'
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

- 2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of Thine image let me bear:
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength,
To have Thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height and breadth and length.
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign;
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well if Thou art mine.

J. NEWTON.

709

S.M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?
- 3 Beyond thine utmost wants,
His love and power can bless:
To those who seek His face He grants
More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow;
Thy presence and Thy love:
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

J. NEWTON.

710

7th.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

148

- 2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

- 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin:
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 4 Lord! I come to Thee for rest:
Take possession of my breast:
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith:
Let me die Thy people's death.

J. NEWTON.

711

G.M.

ETERNAL GOD, we look to Thee;
To Thee for help we fly:
Thine eye alone our wants can see;
Thy hand alone supply.

- 2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell;
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O! let Thy grace supply:
The good, unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

J. MERRICK.

712

108.

FATHER, again in Jesus' name we
meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy and to sing Thy praise.

- 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy cease-
less care,
And all Thy work from day to day de-
clare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies
crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we
rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we
come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that Name in which all fulness
dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open, blest Mercy's gate, and take us in!

H. WHITMORE.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

713

L.M.

- F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads:
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there, on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. STOWELL.

714

78.

- J**ESUS is gone up on high;
But His promise still is here,—
'I will all your wants supply,
I will send the Comforter.'
- 2 Let us now His promise plead;
Let us to His throne draw nigh;
Jesus knows His people's need,
Jesus hears His people's cry.
- 3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of Thy love;
Dwelling with Thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.
- 4 Till we reach the promised rest,
Till Thy face unveiled we see,
Of this blessed hope possess,
Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee!

T. KELLY.

715

S.M.

- J**ESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life and health and peace
And everlasting love.
- 3 We meet, the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 Present we know Thou art,
But O! Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy mighty comfort feel!
- 5 O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

WESLEY.

716

L.M.

- J**ESUS! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art
found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine
ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

COWPER.

717

C.M.

- L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.
- 2 God of all grace! we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eyes delight to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give:—
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live.
- 4 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;—
- 5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.
- 6 Give these—and then Thy will be done,
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

J. MONTGOMERY.

718

78.

- L**ORD! there is a throne of grace;
There we now would seek Thy face;
Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer
Of the soul that seeks Thee there.
- 2 Though our language simple be,
Words are nothing, Lord, with Thee;
To the broken, contrite heart,
Thou wilt joy and peace impart.
- 3 Saviour, for us intercede,
While the promises we plead;
And, while we the blessing gain,
Thine the glory shall remain.

L. CORRY.

149

PRAYER MEETINGS.

719

NOW with joint consent we sing,
 Glory to our God and King;
 All our hearts and voices raise,
 To proclaim the Saviour's praise.

2 While in Him we live and move,
 He defends us by His love:
 Wandering through this desert land
 He upholds us with His hand.

3 He, in every time and place,
 Manifests His guardian grace;
 Every day, and every hour,
 Shields us by His constant power.

4 While we see each other's face,
 Gladly we unite to bless
 Him that leads us, by His love,
 To His blissful throne above.

5 May we walk with God below,
 In His likeness daily grow,
 Till our joyful spirits rise,
 To behold Him in the skies.

W. HAMMOND.

720

O FOUNT of grace that runneth o'er,
 So full, so vast, so free!
 Are none too worthless, none too poor,
 To come and take of Thee?

2 We come, O Lord, with empty hand,
 Yet turn us not away;
 For grace hath nothing to demand,
 And suppliants nought to pay.

3 'Tis ours to ask and to receive;
 To take and not to buy;
 'Tis Thine, in sovereign grace to give,
 Yea, give abundantly!

4 And thus, in simple faith we dare
 Our empty urn to bring;
 O nerve the feeble hand of prayer,
 To dip it in the spring!

anon.

721

O GOD, for ever near,
 We humbly will rejoice,
 For well we know that Thou art here,
 And listening to our voice.

2 Up to Thy mercy-seat
 'Tis good for us to go;
 For there Thou dost Thy people meet,
 Rich blessings to bestow.

3 And now, no longer veiled,
 The mercy-seat is free;
 The great High Priest for man prevailed
 To clear our way to Thee.

4 O God, for ever near,
 We listen for Thy voice;
 Our waiting souls would find Thee here,
 And in Thy word rejoice.

A. BROWN.

722

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
 The Christian to the house of prayer;
 I love to stand within its walls,
 For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

150

78.

2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
 Where two or three for worship meet;
 For thither Christ Himself resorts,
 And makes the little band complete.

3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
 To join in holy praise and love;
 And imitate the blessed throng
 That mingle hearts and songs above.

4 Within these walls may peace abound,
 May all our hearts in one agree;
 Where brethren meet, where Christ is
 found,
 May peace and concord ever be.

H. F. LYTE.

723

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night;
 There is an ear that never shuts,
 When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way;
 There is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph-throngs;
 That arm upholds the sky;
 That ear is filled with angel-songs;
 That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can
 wield,
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on
 high
 Through Jesus to the throne,
 And moves the hand which moves the
 world,
 To bring salvation down.

J. C. WALLACE.

724

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
 To bring in prayer to Thee;
 There is no anxious care too slight
 To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
 Wilt share each small distress;
 The love which bore the greater load
 Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
 But meets Thine ear divine;
 And every cross grows light beneath
 The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
 The heart would overflow,
 But for that love which died for sin,
 That love which wept with woe.

J. CREWDSON.

725

WHEN cold our hearts, and far from
 Thee
 Our wandering spirits stray,
 And thoughts and lips move heavily;
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

C. M.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

- 2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away;
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan;
Lord, teach us how to pray!
- 3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way;
We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.
- 4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay;
And when our souls have caught Thy
fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

726

L.M.

- WHERE two or three, with sweet
accord,
Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:—
- 2 'There,' says the Saviour, 'will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil My smiling face,
And shed My glories round the place.'
- 3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
Now send Thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.
- 4 Then shall we praise the God of grace,
Who brought our footsteps to this
place;
For prayer and praise, with sins for-
given,
Bring down to earth the bliss of heaven.

S. STENNETT.

727

L.M.

- WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of
prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright:
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread
wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

COWPER.

EARLY MORNING PRAYER
MEETING.

728

S.M.

- SWEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air;
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send!
- 3 Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.
- 4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.
- 5 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.
- 6 O hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

C. H. SPURGEON.

EVENING OF A WORK-DAY.

729

L.M.

- A GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care!
- 3 O God, our light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

S. LONGFELLOW.

730

C.M.

- BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within this peaceful place
To rest awhile with Thee.
- 2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.
- 3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

151

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.
- 5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
- 6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and
taught,
Itself with work be one.

J. ELLERTON.

731

MONDAY EVENING.

78.

- Y**ESTERDAY, with worship blest,
Passed our day of hallowed rest:
Lord, to-day we meet once more
Grace and mercy to implore.
- 2 Not one day alone shall be
Given, O God of love, to Thee;
Work and rest alike are Thine;
Brighten all with love divine.
- 3 Through the passing of the week,
Father, we Thy presence seek:
Midst this world's deceitful maze
Keep us, Lord, in all our ways.
- 4 O what snares our path beset!
O what cares our spirits fret!
Let no earthly thing, we pray,
Draw our souls from Thee away.
- 5 Thou hast set our daily task;
Grace and strength from Thee we ask:
Thou our joys and griefs dost send;
To Thy will our spirits bend.
- 6 Still in duty's lowly round
Be our patient footsteps found:
With Thy counsel guide us here,
Till in glory we appear.

W. W. HOW.

732 SATURDAY EVENING.

8.7.

- S**OUL, thy week of toil is ended,
And a voice, whilst world-cares fly,
With the closing hours is blended,
'Rest is coming, rest is nigh.'
- 2 Nearing Sabbath, how I bless thee!
Let thy calmness fill my breast;
Let me even now possess thee;
And anticipate thy rest.
- 3 Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear?
Be to me a well of gladness;
Bid me quite forget my fear.
- 4 Clouds on clouds my way may darken;
But Thy rainbow gleams above,
And the storms and wild winds hearken
To Thy still small voice of love.
- 5 So when life's long week is over,
Blessèd it will be to die;
Angels whispering as they hover,
'Rest is coming, rest is nigh.'

152

- 6 Then the heavenly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine;
Rest of God! the sun and centre
Of the bliss that is divine.

G. RAWSON.

733

S.M.

- T**HE hours of evening close;
The lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.
- 2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care;
Nor thought for 'many things' assail
The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep;
And, safe from violence or fear,
Will fold His flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light
Than earth's, our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

J. E. CONDER.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

734

L.M.

- A**Lmighty God, whose only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;
- 2 In His dear name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.
- 3 There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessed word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell;
- 4 And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife!
- 5 O give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep;
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.
- 6 That so from angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love;
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy name, O God, for evermore.

H. W. BAKER.

735

L.M.

- A**RM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations
shake,
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 O send ten thousand heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea!

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 3 Let Zion's time of favour come :
O bring the tribes of Israel home :
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
In every clime of every name :
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

736

C.M.

- B**EHOOLD the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow,
'Up to the hill of God,' they'll say,
'And to His house we'll go.'
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land :
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 6 Come, then, O come from every land
To worship at His shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

M. BRUCE.

737

C.M.

- B**E merciful to us, O God !
Upon Thy people shine ;
And spread Thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live are Thine.
- 2 Give light and comfort to Thine own ;
And let that light extend
Till Thy prevailing name is known
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord !
Let all their homage bring :
From sea to sea be Thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King !
- 4 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord !
Then earth her fruits shall give :
Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
And all to Thee shall live.

H. F. LYTE.

738

S.M.

- C**OME, kingdom of our God,
Blest reign of light and love,
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

- 3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from Life's glad tree ;
And in its shade, like brothers, rest
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own.

J. JOHNS.

739

S.M.

- C**OME, Lord, and tarry not :
Bring the long-looked-for day !
O ! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay ?
- 2 Come, for Thy saints still wait ;
Daily ascends their sigh :
The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come ;
Dost Thou not hear the cry ?
- 3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay ;
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.
- 4 Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in Thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth ;
Sower and reaper Thou.
- 5 Come, and make all things new.
Build up this ruined earth ;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.
- 6 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace ;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

H. BONAR.

740

66.4.666.4

- C**OME, Lord, to earth again :
Come quickly, come and reign :
Lord Jesu, come !
Enthroned the struggling right,
Make clear the clouded light,
In victory close the fight :
Lord, quickly come !
- 2 The love of some grows cold ;
Thy foes are waxing bold :
Lord Jesu, come !
They mock our hope delayed,
Our little progress made,
Thy precepts disobeyed :
Lord, quickly come !
- 3 Bid war and faction cease,
Bring in the reign of peace :
Lord Jesu, come !
Set every captive free ;
Let all men brothers be ;
Heal earth's long malady ;
Lord, quickly come !

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 4 Assert Thy right divine;
O'er all the nations shine:
Lord Jesu, come!
Then earth like heaven shall sing,
With hallelujahs ring,
And hail her rightful King:
Lord, quickly come!

NEWMAN HALL.

741

75.
FAR and near, almighty word,
Spread the name of Christ the Lord;
Far and near extend thy light,
Make the earth with gladness bright.
- 2 Word by God the Father sent,
Lord of all, omnipotent!
Word for sinners' need supplied
As their comfort and their guide.
- 3 Word of our Redeemer's grace,
Who to save our sinful race,
Of our guilt to pay the price,
Gave Himself a sacrifice!
- 4 Word of God the Spirit's might,
Who our heavenward course doth light;
Prompteth good, and by His breath
What He prompts accomplisheth.
- 5 Word of life, both pure and strong!
Word for which the heathen long!
Spread abroad till out of night
All the world awake to light.
- 6 Up! for, lo, earth's surface o'er
Waving fields with ripening store!
Countless sheaves are spread around,
Few, O few, the reapers found!
- 7 Lord of Harvest, great and kind,
Rouse to action heart and mind;
Let the gathering nations all
See Thy light, and hear Thy call!

GERMAN, *trans.* F. E. COX.

742

- L.M.
FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WATTS.

743

- 7.6. double.
FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;

154

- In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

R. HEBER.

744

7.6. double.

- HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
The mountain-dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest:
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;—
His great, best name of Love.

J. MONTGOMERY.

745

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar ;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore ;—
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

78.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled ;
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis
done!

And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

J. MONTGOMERY.

746

66.66.88.

HILLS of the north, rejoice ;
River and mountain-spring ;
Hark to the advent-voice,
Valley and lowland sing :
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh ;
His judgment brings and victory.

2 Isles of the southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves,
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves :
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And makes your wastes His great high-
way.

3 Lands of the east, awake !
Soon shall your sons be free ;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty :
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
Has dawned the everlasting day.

4 Shores of the utmost west !
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth in swelling song :
High raise the note that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

F. OAKLEY.

747

L.M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

L

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud 'Amen!'
WATTS.

748

6a.

LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky ;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf ;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky,
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
O, note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky :
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

4 He comes, the wide world's King ;
He comes, the true heart's Friend ;
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end ;
He comes, to fill with light
The weary waiting eye :
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

T. T. LYNCH.

749

C.M.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King ;

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

155

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruit
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

E. DENNY.

750

8.7. double.

- L**ORD, her watch Thy church is keep-
ing:
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?
- 2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher,
Lord Almighty, give the word.
Give the word!—in every nation
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 3 Then the end! Thy church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain:—
Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping!
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

H. DOWNTON.

751

78.

- L**ORD, we do not ask to know
Secrets hid from man below;
Times and seasons are concealed,
Service, succour, are revealed.
- 2 Thou hast taught us what to do,
Needful strength hast promised too;
Now to us Thy word fulfil,
Help us to obey Thy will.
- 3 On Thy Spirit we rely;
Send us power from on high,
Faith that feels no lack of sight,
Love that makes all labour light.
- 4 Faithful witnesses for Thee,
Christ in us may all men see;
Witnessing with every breath
'Christ is Lord—in life, in death.'
- 5 Hallelujah! 'Christ is Lord!'
Earth and heaven repeat the word!
Witnesses let all things be—
Christ is Lord eternally!

NEWMAN HALL.

752

7.6. double.

- O BROTHERS**, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise.

156

Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The Gospel-trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

- 2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.
- 3 'Not unto us'—Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due:
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
'Not unto us'—in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.
- 4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore;
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore!
Still on in conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

753

8.7.4.

- O**VER the gloomy hills of darkness
See the bright, the morning star,
Publishing to all the nations
Light and glory from afar;
Blessed herald,
Usher in eternal day.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and signal conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night!
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching
Now begin its cheerful dawn!
Now the sun the mountains touching,
Gilding now the spacious lawn.
Happy nations;
Rise and celebrate the day.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

W. WILLIAMS.

754

8.M.

- O** LORD our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain;
And, wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend its blessed reign.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise!
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise!
Expand Thy quickening wing;
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth, arise!
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to
heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.
R. WARDLAW.

755

L.M.

- O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with
might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet:
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record:
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned,
through Thee!
J. MONTGOMERY.

756

C.M.

- O UR God! our God! Thou shinest
here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us Thy radiant steps appear;
We watch Thy glorious way.
- 2 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.
- 3 Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth He not still Thy church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?
- 4 Come, Holy Ghost! in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour;
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power.
- 5 Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell.

- 6 Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On Thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.
- 7 He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears;
Come, King of grace, Thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years!
T. H. GILL.

757

66.4.666.4.

- THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!
- 4 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!
J. MARRIOTT.

758

S.M.

- THY name, Almighty Lord!
I Shall sound through distant
lands:
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be Thine honour spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.
WATTS.

759

L.M.

- WHEN shall the last bright song arise
From all the millions of the skies;
The song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's?
- 2 When thrones and powers and kings
shall be
Obedient, mighty God! to Thee:
And over land and stream and main,
Shall wave the sceptre of Thy reign.
- 3 O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!
MRS. VOOR.
157

FAREWELL MISSIONARY SERVICES.

760

7.6. double.

- G**O, bear the joyful tidings,
Which first on Judah's plain
Awoke the wondering shepherds
To praise Messiah's name.
Exalt the King of glory,
Who left His throne on high,
And came on earth a ransom,
For guilty man to die.
Go, sound the Gospel-trumpet,
Beyond the rolling sea,
From chains of sin and darkness,
To set the captive free.
- 2 Go, in your Master's vineyard,
And labour, heart and hand,
The Word of life eternal
Proclaim to every land,—
The sweet and precious promise,
To all who will believe,
Free grace and full salvation,
For all who will receive.
Go, sound, &c.
- 3 Go, tell the broken spirit,
That vainly sighs for rest,
There is a home in glory,
A home for ever blest.
Go, bring the lost to Jesus,
His tender love to share,
Go forth to every nation,
For precious souls are there.
Go, sound, &c.
- 4 Haste on your work of mercy,
The heavenly call obey,
Go in the strength of Jesus,
The true and living way;
Go, like the old disciples,
And tread the path they trod,
Your duty lies before you,
Go—leave the rest to God.
Go, sound, &c.
F. J. CROSBY.*

761

L.M.

- G**O, messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades of night:
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom,
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Rich as the dews from morning's womb.
- 3 Go, bid the bright and morning Star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent
shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.
- 4 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme:
His name by every tongue confessed;
His praise, the universal theme.
- 5 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand:
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in His presence stand.

158

- 6 Thy love a rich reward shall find,
From Him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.
A. BALFOUR.

762

78.

- G**O, ye messengers of God:
Like the beams of morning, fly!
Take the wonder-working rod;
Lift the Saviour's cross on high.
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the oppressor for ever weep.
- 3 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven:
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the gorgeous East,
Wide the wondrous cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
- 5 Sound aloud Jehovah's call:
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ whose love is full and free.
J. MARSDEN.

MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

763

78.

- L**ORD, Thine ancient people see,
Captive still, in darkness bound;
Let Thy gospel set them free,
Let them hear its joyful sound.
- 2 Still the veil is on their heart,
Rend it, Lord, at length in twain;
Bid their unbelief depart,
Bring them to Thy fold again.
- 3 Let Thy love their blindness heal,
God of Israel, hear our prayer;
Let Thy grace their pardon seal,
Still Thy covenant let them share.
- 4 Harp of Judah, long unstrung,
Sound at length the Saviour's praise;
Jew and Gentile, old and young,
Loud the glad hosanna raise.
Hymns for Church and Home.

764

L.M.

- W**HY should Israel's sons, once
blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around;
Disowned of Heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?
- 2 O God of Israel, view their race:
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek Thy alighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious
light;
The severed olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.

LAYING OF MEMORIAL STONES.

- 4 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.
J. JOYCE.

765

C.M.

WAKE, harp of Zion, wake again,
Upon thine ancient hill,
On Jordan's long deserted plain,
By Kedron's lowly rill.

- 2 The hymn shall yet in Zion swell,
That sounds Messiah's praise,
And Thy loved name, Immanuel,
As once in ancient days.
- 3 For Israel yet shall own her King;
For her salvation waits;
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,
With praise in all her gates.
- 4 O hasten, Lord, these promised days,
When Israel shall rejoice;
And Jew and Gentile join in praise,
With one united voice!
J. EDMESTON.

LAYING OF MEMORIAL
STONES.

766

66.66.88.

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love
Our hopes we place,
Of present grace
And joys above.

- 2 O! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day,
Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day,
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

LATIN HYMN, trans. J. CHANDLER.

767

65.65. double.

CHRIST is the Foundation of the
house we raise;
Be its walls salvation, and its gateways
praise!
May its threshold lowly to the Lord
be dear;
May the hearts be holy that shall wor-
ship here!

- 2 On the Rock of Ages, resting broad
and deep,
When life's tempest rages, here let pas-
sion sleep;
Here may prayers and praises never
cease to rise,
Till through Christ they raise us nearer
to the skies.
- 3 Here the vow be sealèd by Thy Spirit,
Lord;
Here the sick be healèd, and the lost
restored;
Here the broken-hearted Thy forgive-
ness prove;
Here the friends long parted be restored
to love.
- 4 Here may every token of Thy presence
be,
Here may chains be broken, prisoners
here set free;
Here may light illumine every soul of
Thine,
Lifting up the human into the divine.
- 5 Here may God the Father, Christ the
Saviour—Son,
With the Holy Spirit, be adored as One;
Till the whole creation at Thy footstool
fall,
And in adoration own Thee Lord of all!
J. S. B. MONSELL.

768

78.

- LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let Thy children here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, with richest mercy blest,
May the weary soul find rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.
J. MONTGOMERY

769

L.M.

NOT for the things of fleeting time,
Not for the knowledge earth can
give,
We raise this building, but for truths
That through eternity shall live.

OPENING OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Its stones may crumble into dust,
Its place by stranger-feet be trod;
But the high themes within it taught
Shall be immortal like their God.
- 3 God of all grace and boundless love,
Here bless the word Thyself hast given;
Let thousands here commence the course
That leads to Jesus, peace, and heaven.
- 4 Here condescend to dwell, and make
This temple Thy peculiar shrine,
And then, while endless ages last,
Be all the praise and glory Thine.
ANON.

770

L.M.

- T**HIS stone to Thee, in faith we lay;
We build a temple, Lord, to Thee:
Thine eye be open, night and day,
To all who here shall bow the knee.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-
place,
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive!
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 'Hosanna!' to their heavenly King.—
When children's voices raise that song;
'Hosanna!' let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain pro-
long.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 O may Thy glory ne'er depart!
Yet choose not, Lord! this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.
*J. MONTGOMERY.**

OPENING OF A PLACE OF
WORSHIP.

771

C.M.

- A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo, Thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

160

- 5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honour shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound his foes.
WATTS.

772

87.87.87.

- C**HRISt is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head, the Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.
- 2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
'Holy, Holy, Holy,' singing,
In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessed to retain.
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

LATIN HYMN, *trans.* J. M. NEALE.

773

66.66.88.

- C**OME, King of glory, come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy dome,
This people as Thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here may Thyne ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may Thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!
- 3 Here may the attentive throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above:
And willing crowds surround Thy
board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 4 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound Thy praise;
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display Thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.
B. FRANCIS.

774

C.M.

- D**EAR Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer
So give us hearts to pray.

OPENING OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our faith and hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

J. NEWTON.*

775

Q THOU whose hand has brought us ^{7.6.}
Unto this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving,
And listen as we pray:
And may our preparation
For this day's service be
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

2 For this new house we praise Thee,—
Reared by Thine own command,—
For every generous bosom,
And every willing hand;
And now within Thy temple
Thy glory let us see;
For all its strength and beauty
Are nothing without Thee!

3 And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayer ascend;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above;
The young—the old—be strengthened,
And all men learn Thy love.

4 And as the years roll over,
And strong affections twine,
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
May this, its chief distinction,—
Its glory ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to Thee.

5 Lord God! our fathers' helper,—
Our joy and hope and stay,
Grant now a gracious earnest
Of many a coming day:
Our yearning hearts Thou knowest,
We wait before Thy throne,
O come, and by Thy presence
Make this new house Thine own!

F. W. GOADBY.

776

886.886.

GREAT God, avow this house Thine
own;
Here let Thy power and love be known—
Thy ark of mercy rest:
Of old Thou didst in Zion dwell,
O let each mount of Zion still
Be with Thy presence blest!

2 Oft as in solemn, fervent prayer,
And holy adoration here,
Thy saints together join:
Hear Thou on Thy eternal throne,
And send the varied blessings down,
In streams of love divine.

3 Here may the mourner find relief;
A balm for all his inward grief,
When doubts and fear annoy:
Beauty for ashes here bestow;
Garments of praise for heavy woe;
And peace and holy joy.

4 Here may the plants of righteousness,
Deep rooted in the Saviour's grace,
In due succession rise:
Bearing the fruits of faith divine,
And with increasing beauty shine,
Till ripened for the skies.

5 Then in Thy nobler courts above,
High seated on the mount of love,
Where blissful numbers roll,
Praises in loftier strains shall flow;
While pleasures, such as angels know,
Shall swell each raptured soul.

J. TYERS.

777

L.M.

GREAT God! while earth and sea and
sky,
With all their boundless realm are Thine,
No temple our weak hands can rear
Befits Thy majesty divine!

2 Yet O! accept this humble house—
Our gift of love, though poor it be,—
And now on us Thy Spirit breathe,
Till every soul is full of Thee!

3 Begin we now with holy joy
The glad, sweet round of prayer and
praise;
Through Jesus hear our every plea,
Through Him accept the songs we raise.

4 Here may Thy pure, sweet gospel sound—
The balm of heaven for earthly woe—
Till souls in sin and sorrow lost,
The bliss of full forgiveness know.

5 And when, world-tired, Thy people come
And lift their tear-dimmed eyes to Thee,
O pierced Heart! come Thou to heal;
And be what none beside can be.

6 Thus, Lord, who didst in fire and cloud
Thine Israel's guard and blessing prove,
Make this an Elim's joyful rest,
Beneath the shadow of Thy love!

W. WINSFORD.

778

C.M.

LIGHT up this house with glory, Lord;
Enter, and claim Thine own;
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.

2 We rear no altar—Thou hast died;
We deck no priestly shrine;
What need have we of creature aid?
The power to save is Thine.

161

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

- 3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place;
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.
- 4 No rushing, mighty wind we ask;
No tongues of flame desire;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.
- 5 Light up this house with glory, Lord—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a church below,
And makes a heaven above.

J. HARRIS.

779

L. M.

- O THOU, who didst the temple fill
With Thy resplendent awful train,
The glory of Thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.
- 2 In us, and round about us, shine,
Here cause us to behold Thy face:
O make this tabernacle Thine;
O sanctify this lowly place.
- 3 Now send the promised unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire:
Lord Jesus, make Thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.
- 4 Work with them, and confirm Thy word
To all who worship in this place:
O pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

Cong. Supplement.

780

C. M.

- O THOU, whose own vast temple
stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.
- 2 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way:
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 3 May faith grow firm, and love grow
warm,
And pure devotion rise;
While, round these hallowed walls, the
storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. BRYANT.

ANNIVERSARIES OF
BENEVOLENT INSTITU-
TIONS.

781

L. M.

- O JESUS! who, to favoured friend
Thy mourning mother didst com-
mend,
Mindful, amidst o'erwhelming woe,
Of her who stood and wept below—
- 2 Let not our sorrows selfish prove,
Closing our hearts to claims of love;
But may we sweetest solace know
In soothing other mourners' woe.

162

- 3 Amidst the sacrifice sublime
For every age and every clime,
This, of Thy priesthood's work was part.
To soothe one lonely woman's heart.
- 4 So when for church or truth we feel,
Or world-wide enterprise, most zeal—
Let us be sure we best please Thee
By tender, true humanity.

NEWMAN HALL.

782

C. M.

- FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?
- 2 Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delight to do Thy will,
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.
- 3 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live;
Freely we have received of Thee—
As freely may we give.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord, with reverent love
Thee in Thy poor to see,
And while we minister to them,
To do it as to Thee.
- 5 Only do Thou our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving,—greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

DODDRIDGE and E. OSLER.

783

L. M.

- GLADSOME we hail this day's return;
O In God's great name again we meet;
Our hearts once more within us burn,
And our communion shall be sweet.
- 2 We bless Thee, Lord, for all the good
Thy liberal hand has freely given;
For grace by which our feet have stood
In ways that lead the soul to heaven.
- 3 For all the mercies of the past
We join in songs of filial praise;
Around us now Thy favour cast,
Thou Guide and Guardian of our days.
- 4 'Twas by Thy Spirit's kindling flame
Thy servants felt their bosoms glow,
And in Thy all-sustaining name,
They still with hallowed ardour go.
- 5 More strength we crave, more love,
more zeal,
That we may follow Christ, and live
To labour for our brethren's weal,
And unto Thee the glory give!

DAWSON BURNS.

784

S. 7.

- LORD of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice.
And with that hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparring hand.

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield
Thee

Gladly, freely of Thine own ;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone ;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe,
That more happy and 'more blessed'
'Tis to give than to receive.'

3 Wondrous honour hast Thou given
To our humblest charity
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
'Ye have done it unto Me.'
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy,
'Give as I have given to you?'

4 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee ;
But O, best of all Thy graces,
Give us heavenly charity.

E. S. ALDERSON.

785

8.8.8.4.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love de-
clare ;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all ;

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all !

C. WORDSWORTH.

786

L.M.

O THOU through suffering perfect
made,
On whom the bitter cross was laid ;
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the
blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind ;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure :
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But, O! far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

5 O! heal the bruised heart within :
O! save our souls all sick with sin :
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore.

W. W. HOW.

787

C.M. double.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.

To Thee they went, the blind, the
dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and
health,

Gave speech and strength and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light ;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,

In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine Almighty breath ;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and
strong,

May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

788

87.87.77.

THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain ;
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burdens share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

163

FOR A PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

- 3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Every comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant at Thy mercy-seat.
- 4 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy Judgment-seat.
G. TEBBING.

- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.
- W. W. HOW.

789

- 1 **T**HY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?
- 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?
- 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?
- 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferdest all for me:
What have I borne for Thee?
- 5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?
- 6 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,—
I give myself to Thee!
- F. R. HAVERGAL.*

790

- 1 **W**E give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 O! hearts are bruised and dead;
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold!

6s.

791

- 1 **W**HEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er He went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.
- 2 The eye that rolled in darksome night
Beheld His face—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.
- 3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame
To hail their great Deliverer, came:
O'er the cold grave He bowed His head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.
- 4 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
In His inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.
- 5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed, we would tread;
And where He gives the power, dis-
pense
The gifts of true benevolence.
- J. MONTGOMERY.

L.M.

FOR A PROVIDENT
SOCIETY.

792

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirits shall rejoice;
Assembled here with one accord,
We praise Him with one heart and voice.
- 2 God of our life! to Thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow Thou!
The Father of the fatherless!
- 3 May we the Christian law fulfil,
And bear each other's burdens here;
And thus unite to do Thy will
In perfect love and holy fear.
- 4 Grant that our union, here begun,
May ever firm and lasting be;
Around Thy throne may we be one,
One with each other, one with Thee.
- J. MONTGOMERY.

L.M.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

793

MORNING.

L.M.

- A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
- 4 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
T. KEN.

794

L.M.

- F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, we go
Our daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let us cheerfully fulfil;
In all our works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may we set at our right hand,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all our works to Thee.
- 4 Give us to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
given,
And run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
WESLEY.*

795

78.

JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love Divine,
With the early morning-rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine.

- 2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew.
- 3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go.
- 4 O our only hope and guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at Thy side,
Till the eternal morning break.
- 5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day.

ROSENROTH.

796

78.

- L**ORD of power, Lord of might!
God and Father of us all;
Lord of day, and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call;
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.
- 2 Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us, with our daily food,
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.
- 3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Maker's fame;
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.
- 4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of Eternal Love!
Call us to our home above.

G. THRING.

797

L.M.

- O** TIMELY happy, timely wise!
Hearts that with rising morn arise;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.
- 4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

155

- 5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. KEBBLE.

798

66.84.

- T**HE star of morn has risen:
O Lord, to Thee we pray;
O uncreated Light of light,
Guide Thou our way.
- 2 Sinless be tongue and hand,
And innocent the mind;
Let simple truth be on our lips,
Our hearts be kind.
- 3 Let not the flesh prevail,
But all be ruled by good:
The gift of temperance bestow
In drink and food.
- 4 As the swift day rolls on,
Still, Lord, our Guardian be;
And keep the portals of our hearts
From evil free.
- 5 Grant that our daily toil
May to Thy glory tend;
And as our hours begin with Thee,
So may they end.

AMBROSE, *trans.* G. PHILLIMORE.

799

8s.

- W**HEN streaming from the eastern
skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
O chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 And when to Heaven's all-glorious
King
My evening sacrifice I bring,
And mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labours
close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning-sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit
raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

ANON.

800

EVENING.

887.887.

- F**ATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free:
Through the day Thy love hath fed us,
Through the day Thy care hath led us,
With divinest charity.
- 2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour!
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From all evil us deliver;
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary!
- 3 While the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
From Thine own Infinity!
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever-blessed Trinity!

G. RAWSON.

801

664.6664.

- F**ATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night!
- 2 Jesus Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night!
- 3 Spirit of Holiness,
Gentle, transforming Grace,
Indwelling Light!
Soothe Thou each weary breast,
Now let Thy peace possessed
Calm us to perfect rest;
Bless us to-night!

G. RAWSON.

802

L.M.

- G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

- 6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
T. KEN.

803

12.11.12.11.

- HOW calmly the evening once more
is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a
prayer;
O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter
befriending,
May we and our households continue
to share!
- 2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven,
is open:
O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;
The silence and smile of His love are
the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly
waits.

- 3 We come to be soothed with His merciful
healing;
The dew of the night cure the wounds
of the day;
Welcome, our life's worth and its brevity
feeling,
With thanks for the past; for the
future we pray.

- 4 Lord, save us from folly; be with us in
sorrow;
Sustain us in work till the time of
our rest;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's
to-morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected
possess.

T. T. LYNCH.

804

C.M.

- NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let incense-flames arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, our love; awake, our joy;
Awake, our heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more!

J. MASON.

805

65.65.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

- 2 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose:
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

- 5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

- 6 Glory to the Father!
Glory to the Son!
As to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run!
S. BARING-GOULD.

806

L.M.

- O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine
ear;
Through dark and day, o'er land and
sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
- 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart:
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God and find Him not.
- 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our
sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and all in Thee.

- 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour
dear,
Abide with us more nearly near;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time
shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore,
Through Heaven's great day of Ever-
more.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

807

8.7.

- SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-
ing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn, in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.
J. EDMESTON.

808

L.M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!

- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
J. KEBLE.

809

108.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the
sunlight glows;
O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present darkness can-
not be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with
Thee.

- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we
tend;

O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our
guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark even-
tide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no
gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

- 3 Thou who, in darkness, walking didst
appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when
storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours
fail;

When all is dark, may we behold Thee
nigh,
And hear Thy voice—'Fear not, for it
is I!'

168

- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay;
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall
fall,

May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no even-
tide.

C. WORDSWORTH.

810

76.76.88.

THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We pray Thee now, that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

- 2 The joys of day are over:
We lift our hearts to Thee;
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

- 3 The toils of day are over:
We raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

- 4 Be Thou our soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go.
O loving Jesu, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all!

ANATOLIUS (A.D. 452), SPONS. J. M. NEALE.

811

8.8.8.4.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

- 2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

- 3 O! by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

- 4 Where Light and Life and Joy and Peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless
white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

G. THRING.

812

L.M.

THOU who hast known the careworn
breast,
The weary need of sleep's deep balm,
Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,
And breathe around Thy perfect calm.

SPRING.

- 2 Thy presence gives us childlike trust,
Gladness, and hope without alloy;
The faith that triumphs o'er the dust,
And gleamings of eternal joy.
- 3 Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,
'Peace be to you, this evening hour';
Then all the struggles of the day
Vanish before Thy loving power.
- 4 Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven,
A little nearer every night;
Christ, to our earthly darkness given,
Till in His glory there is light.

G. RAWSON.

THE SEASONS.

813

L.M.

- E**TERNAL source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the laud;
The summer-rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening-shade.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue their songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

DODDRIDGE.

814

78.

- P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ,
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's refreshing juice,
For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;
- 5 These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

A. L. BARBAULD.*

815

SPRING.

87.87. double.

- A**LL is bright and cheerful round us;
All above is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us,
Spring and all its pleasures too:
Every flower is full of gladness;
Dew is bright and buds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Seems a happy place to-day.
- 2 If the flowers, that fade so quickly
If a day, that ends in night,
If the sky, that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,—
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be God's Land of Rest,
Where His sons, that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?
- 3 There are leaves that never wither,
There are flowers that ne'er decay;
Nothing evil goeth thither,
Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them
white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
There have rest and peace and light.

J. M. NEALE.

816

C.M.

- T**HE glory of the Spring how sweet!
The newborn life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new, bright raiment clad;
- 2 The blest d vernal airs to hail
In their renewing power,
The new song of each nightingale,
The new birth of each flower!
- 3 Divine Renewer! Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth:
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewed earth.
- 4 But oh! these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine!
- 5 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made
blest,
These faithless hearts made true,
- 6 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine!
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine!
- 7 Still let new life and strength upspring;
Still let new joy be given!
And grant the glad new song to sing
Through the new earth and heaven!

T. H. GILL.

817

C.M. double.

- T**HE Springtide hour brings leaf and
flower,
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
 Their choicest gifts to bring;
 But this dead heart bears not its part;
 In it there is no Spring.
- 2 Dews fall apace, the dews of grace,
 Upon this soul of sin;
 And love divine delights to shine
 Upon the waste within:
 Yet year by year fruits, flowers, appear,
 And birds their praises sing;
 But this dead heart bears not its part:
 Its Winter has no Spring.
- 3 Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above,
 Soft as the south wind blow;
 Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
 And bid its spices flow:
 And when Thy voice makes earth re-
 joice,
 And the hills laugh and sing,
 Lord, teach this heart to bear its part,
 And join the praise of Spring.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

818

SUMMER.

SUMMER suns are glowing
 Over land and sea,
 Happy light is flowing
 Bountiful and free.

- 2 Every thing rejoices
 In the mellow rays,
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.
- 3 God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And His banner gleameth
 Everywhere unfurled.
- 4 Broad and deep and glorious
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal Love.
- 5 Lord, upon our blindness
 Thy pure radiance pour;
 For Thy loving-kindness
 Makes us love Thee more.
- 6 And when clouds are drifting
 Dark across our sky,
 Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father, be Thou nigh.
- 7 We will never doubt Thee,
 Though Thou veil Thy light:
 Life is dark without Thee;
 Death with Thee is bright.
- 8 Light of Light! shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way,
 Go Thou still before us
 To the endless day.

W. W. HOW.

819

AUTUMN.

7.6. double.

THE leaves around me falling
 Are preaching of decay;
 The hollow winds are calling,
 'Come, pilgrim, come away!'

170

- The day in night declining,
 Says I too must decline;
 The year, its life resigning,—
 Its lot foreshadows mine.
- 2 The light my path surrounding,
 The love to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me sing,—
 All melt like stars of even
 Before the morning's ray,
 Pass upward into heaven,
 And chide at my delay.
- 3 The friends gone there before me
 Are calling from on high,
 And joyous angels o'er me
 Tempt sweetly to the sky.
 'Why wait,' they say, 'and wither
 Mid scenes of death and sin?
 O rise to glory hither,
 And find true life begin.'
- 4 I hear the invitation,
 And fain would rise and come,
 A sinner to salvation,
 An exile to his home;
 But while I here must linger,
 Thus, thus let all I see
 Point on with faithful finger
 To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

H. F. LYTE

820

76.

- THE year is swiftly waning;
 The summer-days are past;
 And life, brief life, is speeding;
 The end is nearing fast.
- 2 The ever-changing seasons
 In silence come and go;
 But Thou, Eternal Father,
 No time or change canst know.
- 3 O! pour Thy grace upon us,
 That we may worthier be,
 Each year that passes o'er us,
 To dwell in heaven with Thee.
- 4 O! by each mercy sent us,
 And by each grief and pain,
 By blessings like the sunshine,
 And sorrows like the rain,
- 5 Our barren hearts make fruitful
 With every goodly grace,
 That we Thy name may hallow,
 And see at last Thy face.

W. W. HOW.

821

WINTER.

- WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
 Freezing with its icy breath;
 Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
 All is chill and drear as death.
- 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
 Since the summer flowers were here
 Since they stacked the balmy hay,
 Since they reaped the golden ear.
- 3 Sunny days are past and gone:
 So the years go, speeding fast,
 Onward ever, each new one
 Swifter speeding than the last.

HARVEST.

- 4 Life is waning ; life is brief ;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh :
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade and fall and die.
- 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers all burst in bloom,
And all nature, rising, break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.
- 6 So, Lord, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening ;
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading spring.

W. W. HOW.

822

HARVEST.

78. **(H)OME**, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied :—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home :
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast ;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-Home !
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide :
Come, with all Thine angels, come
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home !

H. ALFORD.

823

C.M.

- F**OUNTAIN of mercy ! God of love !
How rich Thy bounties are !
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord,
was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain :
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

M

- 5 We own and bless Thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.
- 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine,
So Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

A. FLOWERDEW.

824

L.M.

- G**REAT God ! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.
- 2 The harvest-song would we repeat ;
Thou givest us the finest wheat ;
The joys of harvest we have known :
The praise, O Lord ! is all Thine own.
- 3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord !
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 4 Another harvest comes apace,
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.
- 5 That so, when angel-reapers come,
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high,
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

E. BUTCHER.

825

8s.

- L**ORD of the Harvest, Thee we hail ;
Thine ancient promise doth not
fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round ;
With goodness all our years are
crowned :
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day ;
O let our hearts in tune be found !
- 2 When spring awakes the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
We still do sing,
To Thee our King ;
Through all their changes Thou dost
reign.
- 3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,—
When sounds of music fill the air,
As, homeward, all their treasures bear ;
With them we raise
Our hymn of praise
For we Thy common bounties share.
- 4 Lord of the Harvest, all is Thine,—
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound.
New every year
Thy gifts appear ;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

J. R. GURNEY.

171

826

78.

PRAISE, O praise our God and King;

Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure;

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure;

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure;

7 And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One!

H. W. BAKER.

827

P.M.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,

For all His love!

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The wind and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,

For all His love!

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;

173

Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all His love!

M. CLAUDIUS, 1794. MISS CAMPBELL.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

828

P.M.

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead;
O how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O! wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

3 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

4 Life passeth soon; death draweth near;
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity!

5 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
For the old year, now retreating,
Pardon grant and make us wise;—

6 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber,
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

7 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

8 Life passeth soon; death draweth near;
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity!

E. GASWALL.*

Note.—The former half of the above hymn may be sung at any time; the whole, or the latter half, at the close of the year.

829

L.M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest :
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper-God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

DODDRIDGE.

830

78.

HOURS and days and months and years,

- Come and go, arise and fall,
Gains and losses, smiles and tears,
Freely scattered through them all ;
O my Saviour ! let them be
Radiant with Thy life divine,
Spent in better serving Thee,
And becoming wholly Thine.
- 2 O'er the threshold of the year,
Sprinkled with Thy precious blood,
Let me draw to Thee more near,
Made by Thee more wise and good ;
O my Saviour ! when this soul
Proudly would its way pursue,
Let Thy sorrow's soft control
Gently chasten and subdue.
- 3 For the blessed years gone by,
And the joys which winged their flight,
For the blessed hopes on high,
Making all the future bright ;
For the stay and strength Thou art,
Ever wait and still shalt be,
O my Saviour ! let this heart
Ring its joy-bells out to Thee.
- 4 Let the memory of the past
Shed its glow on years to come,
Yield its wisdom, and at last
Light my wandering footsteps home ;
O my Saviour ! with Thy blood
Sprinkle all my future days,
Make them holy, keep them good,
Fill them with Thine endless praise.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

831

7.6.

- O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !
- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.
- 3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.

On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face :
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

832

C. M.

- REMARK, my soul, the narrow
bounds
Of the revolving year !
How swift the weeks complete their
rounds !
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift advancing year ;
And study artful ways to increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God ! my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to Thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my smiling soul
To joy that never dies.

DODDRIDGE.

THE NEW YEAR.

833

C. M.

- BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes
break !
Melodious voices move !
On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
- 2 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams ;
Our sins are swelling evermore ;
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 3 Lord ! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight !
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright !
- 4 Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come ;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If Thou wouldst take us home.
- 5 O golden then the hours must be !
The year must needs be sweet :
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. B. GILL.

173

834

P.M.

- COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master
appear.
- 2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour
of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
Time's last solemn year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
here.
- 5 O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
'I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst
give me to do!'
- 6 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My
throne.'

WESLEY.*

835

75-75.

- FATHER, here we dedicate
This new year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have us be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare we claim;
This alone shall be our prayer:
'Glorify Thy name.'
- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
'Glorify Thy name.'
- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break;
Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim;
And, whatever the year may bring,
'Glorify Thy name.'
- 4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all our gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
May we think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
In His footsteps follow on;
'Glorify Thy name.'

L. TUTTIETI.

836

78.

- FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Father and Redeemer, hear!
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength! be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread;
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

H. DOWNTON.

837

8.7.

- HARP, awake! Tell out the story
Of our love and joy and praise;
Lute, awake! awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise!
Join us, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten!
- 2 Lo! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled;
Lo! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled!
In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love!
- 3 Gracious Saviour! Thou hast lengthened
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast streng-
thened
What Thy grace alone began:
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy word!
- 4 Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin:
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin.
Storms are round us, hearts are qualling,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea;
But when heaven and earth are falling,
Saviour! we will trust in Thee.

H. DOWNTON.

838

87.87.77.

- HELP, Lord Jesus, let Thy blessing
Rest upon this opening year,
May we now, new strength possessing,
Walk in love and holy fear.
Dearest Saviour, speed our way,
Strength bestow from day to day.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 2 In our hearts our purpose keeping,
 May we live alone to Thee;
 In our waking and our sleeping,
 Jesus, Thou our portion be.
 Going out, be Thou our guide;
 In our home, with us abide.
- 3 May our prayers and supplications
 To Thy throne of grace ascend;
 May no foolish, vain oblations,
 Weary Thee, our dearest Friend;
 May we love Thee more and more,
 Serve and honour and adore!
- 4 Jesus, Thou our footsteps guiding,
 May we never stray from Thee;
 Jesus, near us still abiding,
 Thou our constant Guardian be!
 Jesus, Thou our thoughts inspire;
 Jesus, be our heart's desire!
- 5 Saviour, when this year is closing,
 Marked by mercies large and free,
 May we, in Thy love reposing,
 Leave the future all with Thee;
 Gladly in Thy courts appear,
 Gladly wait Thy summons here!

Trans. from German.

839

L.M.

MY helper God! I bless His name,
 The same His power, His grace
 the same;

The tokens of His friendly care
 Open and crown and close the year.

- 2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
 Supported by His guardian hand;
 And see, when I survey my ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far His arm hath led me on;
 Thus far I make His mercy known;
 And while I tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
 Then bear in His bright courts above
 Inscriptions of immortal love.

DODDRIDGE.

840

C.M.

THE year is gone, beyond recall,
 With all its hopes and fears,
 With all its bright and gladdening
 smiles,

With all its mourners' tears.

- 2 Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
 For countless gifts received;
 And pray for grace to keep the Faith
 Which saints of old believed.
- 3 To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
 The new-born year to bless;
 Defend our land from pestilence;
 Give peace and plenteousness;
- 4 Forgive this nation's many sins;
 The growth of vice restrain;
 And help us all with sin to strive,
 And crowns of life to gain.
- 5 From evil deeds that stain the past
 We now desire to flee;
 And pray that future years may all
 Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.

- 6 O Father, let Thy watchful Eye
 Still look on us in love,
 That we may praise Thee, year by year,
 With angel-hosts above.

LATIN HYMN, *trans. F. POTT.*

841

78.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view:
 Bless Thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

J. NEWTON.

SERVICES FOR THE
 YOUNG.

842

L.M.

A THOUSAND blessings on the place
 Where Sabbath-scholars joy to
 meet!

Fall there, O dew of early grace!
 Rest there, O love divinely sweet!

- 2 God's angels spread their happy wings
 And hover o'er the children there;
 While praise from youthful voices rings,
 And childhood's hands are joined in
 prayer.
- 3 Brood o'er that scene, O Holy Dove!
 Renew and bless the youngest soul;
 Seal each and all for joys above,
 Where everlasting ages roll.
- 4 Reveal how there the Saviour stands,
 To hear the children when they call;
 And lay His gentle unseen hands
 In benediction on them all.
- 5 A thousand blessings on the place
 Where Sabbath-scholars joy to meet!
 Till they ascend to see His face,
 And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.

E. H. JACKSON.

175

843

8.7.

CHILDCHOOD'S years are passing o'er
us

Youthful days will soon be gone;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
Trode Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go!

3 Hark, it is the Saviour calling,
'Little children, follow Me:'
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

4 Soon we part: it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
O to meet in heaven for ever!
O the crown of life to gain!

W. DICKSON.

844

78.

CHILDREN'S voices, high in heaven,
Make sweet music round the throne;
Them the King of kings hath given
Glory lasting as His own:
Lord! it was Thy mercy free,
Suffered them to come to Thee.

2 We would think of them to-day,
And their everlasting song;
We would sing as blest as they,
In the spirit-land erelong:
Lord! let us Thy children be,—
Suffer us to come to Thee!

3 Now to come with loving mind,
Simple faith and earnest prayer,
Seeking Thy dear cross, to find
Full and free salvation there:
Lamb of God! our Saviour be,
Suffer us to come to Thee!

4 Lord, we come! be Thou our guide
Through life's dark and troubled way;
And, when trained and sanctified,
Raise us to the perfect day:
Then in heaven Thy word shall be,
'Suffer them to come to Me.'

T. R. TAYLOR and G. RAWSON.

845

S.M.

FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy some shining morn
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses ran—
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.'

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

176

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers:
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

J. H. GURNEY.

846

8.7.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,

Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may we be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended;
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Let Thy holy Word instruct us,
Keep our spirits pure and bright:
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whatever is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises,
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and heart unfeigned,
May we our thank-offerings bring:
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise their Lord and King!

J. E. LERSON and H. WHITMORE.

847

7.6.

HOW dearly God must love us,
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers!
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and His care.

2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed:
He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.

3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us
From guilt and sin and shame.
O may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers!
For, O how He must love us,
And this poor world of ours!

S. W. FARTRIDGE.

848

66.66.83.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.
2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,—
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,—
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night,—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
J. D. BURNS.

849

7.6. double.

I LOVE to hear the story,
Which angel-voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise:
For He has kindly promised,
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.
E. H. MILLER.

850

F.M.

I THINK when I read that sweet story
of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs
to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him
then.
2 I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head,
That His arm had been thrown
around me,

And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above;—

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
MRS. LUKE.

851

C.M.

I S earth too fair, is youth too bright,
To need the smile of heaven?
Have I no deadly foes to fight,
No sins to be forgiven?

2 Am I too young to seek the Lord,
Who left His heaven for me;
Too young to hold those sins abhorred
He bore upon the tree?

3 My Father! may not this glad heart
Feel Thee its sovereign good,
And bless, my Saviour, its dear part
In Thine atoning blood?

4 Hath not Thy word a promise sweet
For spirits young as mine?
May not my soul have leave to greet
Some vision all divine?

5 O awful God of holiness!
I would be all Thine own;
O God of joy! O God of grace!
I bow before Thy throne.

6 I pray Thee not to keep from me
All sorrow and all smart;
But now I bring my joy to Thee;
Accept this glowing heart!
T. H. GILL.

852

6.5

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Strengthen us for duty,
While on earth we live;
May we to Thy service
Our best talents give.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

- 6 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
'Saviour, Lord, we come!'
American Hymn.

853

8.7.4.

- L**ITTLE vessels on life's waters,
L Theirs may be a stormy sea,
Swept by winds of lawless passion,
Waves that drive the soul from Thee;
Storm-controller,
Take the helm, their pilot be!
- 2 If their sea and sky be tranquil,
They may linger far from home;
Send Thou then the heavenly breezes,
Wafting them from where they roam,
To Thy kingdom,
Far beyond the billow's moan.
- 3 Sunken rocks shall never wreck them,
Hidden currents ne'er betray;
Only be their great Commander:
Guide them o'er their solemn way,
Past all perils,
Through the ocean mist and spray.
- 4 If, the gloom of grief prevailing,
Heaven should seem a doubtful shore,
Send its radiance o'er the surges,
Brighten all their way before,
To that kingdom
Where the sea shall be no more.
- 5 Bring them to the quiet haven,
Where the glorious Lord shall be
Place of streams, and rivers broader
Than this heaving, sounding sea, —
Yet no billows
Rise through all eternity.

E. H. JACKSON.

854

8s.

- L**ORD, from this time we cry to Thee!
Thou of our youth the guide shalt
be;
Draw near and take us by the hand,
And lead into the upright land!
With fire by night and cloud by day,
Be with us on our pilgrim way.
- 2 Forth to the wilderness we go,
The tempter's wiles ordained to know;
Though weak our arm, and fierce the
fight,
Still may we conquer through Thy
might,
Till, every foul assault subdued,
Our souls are fed with angels' food.
- 3 In sorrow's cloud, in trouble's sea,
Baptized afresh, O Lord, to Thee,
While every joy that round us springs
An eucharistic gladness brings,
Each journey done, each danger past,
Receive us to Thy rest at last!

C. L. FORD.

855

C.M.

- L**ORD! in the fulness of my might
I would for Thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

178

- 2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.
- 3 I would not with swift-winged zeal
On the world's errands go;
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.
- 4 O! not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O! not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!
- 5 O choose me in my golden time!
In my dear joys have part!
For Thee the glory of my prime —
The fulness of my heart!
- 6 I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine;
O! ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was Thine.

T. H. GILL.

856

7.6.

- O** COME, in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow ends thy day.
- 2 Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow;
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.
- 3 'Remember thy Creator'
Now, in thy youthful days,
And He will guide Thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
- 4 'Remember thy Creator,'
He calls, in tones of love;
And offers endless pleasure
In brighter worlds above.
- 5 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.
- 6 And when life's storms are over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

ANON.

857

C.M.

- O** HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice!
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far,
Than east or west unfold;
And her reward is more secure,
Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame,
And honour bright appears.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

M. BRUCE.

858

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd, lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare;
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
Blessèd Jesus!

Hear the children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!

Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill;
Blessèd Jesus!

Thou hast loved us, love us still!

D. A. THRUFP.

859

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee:
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

1 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine:
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send
me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

J. BURTON.

860

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
'Hosanna' to His name:
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,

Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, 'Hosanna
To David's royal Son.'

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

J. KING.

861

C. M.

YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 'The soul that longs to see My face,
Is sure My love to gain;
And those that early seek My grace,
Shall never seek in vain.'

4 What object, Lord, my soul should
move,

If once compared with Thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like that in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

DODDRIDGE.

862

C. M.

YOUNG souls, so strong the race to
run,

And win each height sublime!
Unweary still would ye march on,
And still exulting climb?

2 Walk with the Lord! along the road
Your strength He will renew;
Wait on the everlasting God,
And He will wait on you.

3 Burn with His love! your fading fire
An endless flame will glow;
Life from the Well of Life require!
The stream will ever flow.

4 Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fall,
Still in the Spirit strong;
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.

5 Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore:
Like eagles, ye shall sunward gaze;
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

6 Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above;—
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

T. H. GILL
179

MARRIAGE HYMNS.

863

- 1 LOVE Divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height!
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light:
O Love Divine and gentle,
The Blessor and the blest!
Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.
- 2 O Love Divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love.
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.
- 3 God bless these hands united!
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above;
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where 'God is Love.'
J. S. B. MONSELL. *

7.6.

FOR A WEDDING-FEAST.

864

- SAVIOUR, let Thy sanction rest
On the union witnessed now;
Be it with Thy presence blest,
Ratify the nuptial vow,
Hallowed let this union be,
With each other, and with Thea.
- 2 Thou in Cana didst appear
At a marriage-feast like this;
Deign to meet us, Saviour, here,
Fountain of unmingled bliss!
Crown with joy this festive board—
Joy that earth cannot afford.
- 3 We, no miracle require—
Turning water into wine—
All our panting hearts desire
Is to taste Thy love divine:
Holy influence from above
Consecrating earthly love.
- 4 Let the path our friends pursue
From this hour together trod,
Many though its days, or few,
Be a pilgrimage to God;
To the land where rest is given,
To our Father's house in heaven.
T. RAFFLES.

78.

FOR A FAMILY MEETING.

865

- IN this glad hour, when children meet,
And home with them their children
bring,
Our hearts with one affection beat,
One song of praise our voices sing.

L.M.

- 2 For all the faithful, loved and dear,
Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast given:
For those who still are with us here,
And those who wait for us in heaven;—
- 3 For every past and present joy,
For honour, competence, and health,
For hopes which time may not destroy,
Our soul's imperishable wealth;
- 4 For all, accept our humble praise;
Still bless us, Father, by Thy love:
And when are closed our mortal days,
Unite us in one home above.

H. WARE.

866

L.M.

- SAVIOUR of them that trust in Thee.
Once more with supplicating cries,
We lift the heart, and bend the knee,
And bid devotion's incense rise.
- 2 For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of
heaven;
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
Our answered prayers, and sins for-
given.
- 3 When'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to steer our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay.
- 4 Be ours Thy fear and favour still,
United hearts, unchanging love;
No scheme that contradicts Thy will,
No wish that centres not above.
- 5 And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come:
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,
Re-join us in our heavenly home.

H. ALFORD.

PRAYER FOR THOSE AT
SEA OR ON TRAVEL.

867

8s.

- ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the rest-
less wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!
- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!
- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

NATIONAL HYMNS.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and
sea.

W. WHITING.

868

C.M.

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

- 2 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 3 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will!
The sea that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.
- 4 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore:
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 5 Our life, while Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our
lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

ADDISON.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

869

664.6664.

GOD bless our native laud!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

- 2 O Lord, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness;
Long may she reign!
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.
- 3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle!
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile!
- 4 And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er!

W. E. HICKSON.

870

C.M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children, too;—how should we love
Another land so well?
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 5 Here may religion, pure and mild
Upon our Sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.
- 6 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. WRETFORD.

871

L.M.

PRAISE to our God! whose boun-
teous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

- 2 Praise to our God! through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful
years.
- 3 Praise to our God! the vine He set
Within our coasts, is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow
- 4 Praise to our God! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.
- 5 Praise to our God! who still forbears,
Who still this guilty nation spares;
Who calls us still to seek His face,
And lengthens out our day of grace.
- 6 Praise to our God! though chastenings
stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage!

J. ELLERTON.

872

C.M.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shipe,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

- 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround this favoured land.

181

NATIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud, with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made,
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

WATTS.

DAY OF HUMILIATION.

873

C.M.

- G**REAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.
- 2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
O turn us not away!
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.
- 3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own;
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.
- 4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.
- 5 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand;
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
- 6 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer,—
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord;
Then let Thy mercy spare.

J. H. GURNEY.

FOR A TIME OF SCARCITY.

874

78.

- W**HAT our Father does is well:
Blessed truth His children tell!
Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.
- 2 What our Father does is well:
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
From the field or from the fold,

182

Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

- 3 What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod?
- 4 What our Father does is well:
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.
- 5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity!

H. W. BAKER.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

875

L.M.

- O** GOD of Love! O King of Peace!
Make wars throughout the world
to cease;
The wrath of sinful men restrain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.
- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.
- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

H. W. BAKER.

876

11.10.11.9.

- G**OD the all-terrible King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where
Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 2 God the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger!
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 3 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE.

- 4 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 5 God the All-pitiful! is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless, like water out-poured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 6 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

R. F. CHORLEY.

DAYS OF THANKSGIVING.

877

78.

- G**OD the Lord hath heard our prayer,
God has lightened all our care;
To His glorious throne on high
Rose His children's mournful cry:
Hallelujah! praises sing
To our Father and our King.
- 2 Helpless, Lord, Thy face we sought,
Thou hast our deliverance wrought;
God, who gave us faith to pray,
Gives us thankful hearts to-day:
Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee
Sing we, though unworthily.
- 3 Now the night of grief is gone,
Now with joy breaks forth the morn:
Trust in God, if ye would prove
All the riches of His love:
Hallelujah! praise the Lord,
Trust His love, and plead His word!
- 4 Praise to God who heard our cry!
Praise to Christ who pleads on high!
And the Holy Ghost who gave
Strength our Father's help to crave:
Worship, praise, and glory be
To the Blessed Trinity!

H. H. WYATT.

878

P.M.

- R**EJOICE to-day, with one accord,
Sing out with exultation:
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him!
- 2 When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in Him! whate'er betide,
His love is all sustaining:

- Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
'O praise our God alway,'
Let all His saints adore Him!
- 3 Rejoice to-day, with one accord,
Sing out with exultation:
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown:
Let all His saints adore Him!

H. W. BAKER.

SELECT HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

879

8.8.8.4.

- M**Y God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening-
star
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer?
- 2 For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.
- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for
grief,—
What peace of mind!
- 5 Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay:
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
- 6 Lord! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

C. ELLIOTT.

880

11.10.11.10.

- S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple
morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows
fee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the
daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, 'I am
with Thee!'
- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic sha-
dows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adora-
tion,
In the calm dew and freshness of the
morn.

- 3 As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest,
So, in this stillness, Thou beholdest
only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4 Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness,
awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee
and heaven.
- 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil,
to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in
prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings
o'er shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee
there.
- 6 So shall it be at last, in that bright
morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O! in that hour, fairer than daylight
dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, 'I am
with Thee!'

H. B. STOWE.

881

C.M.

- P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'
- 6 The saints in prayer, appear as one,
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
'Lord, teach us how to pray.'

J. MONTGOMERY.

MORNING WORSHIP.

882

64.64.66.

- B**RIGHT falls the morning light
On waking souls,
When the dark veil of night
Gently uprolls:
Then, on our knees in prayer,
We bless our Father's care.
- 2 Thanks rendered to His name
Rise from our hearts;
For He is still the same
When night departs,
As when in hours of sleep
Safe watch His love did keep.
- 3 Strength from His hand we seek,
Strength for the day;
Feeling we are so weak,
And soon must stray
Far from His paths aside,
If mercy is denied.
- 4 Grace from the Blessed One
Fills us with joy;
Thus is the day begun
With sweet employ;
So may each morning breath
Rise up in prayer *fill death!*

W. J. MATHEWS.

883

S.4.7.

- C**OME, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come! to Him, who made this splendour,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.
- 2 Gladly hail the light returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.
- 3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.
- 4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.
- 5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's darkness,
Rise in gladness
That far brighter Sun to greet.
- 6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey:
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light unfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. A. L. VON CARSTEN, trans. R. J. WOODMAN.

884

C.M.

- M**Y Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy name be blest.
- 2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou wilt I may live,
And what Thou wilt be.
- 3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesu's name.
- 4 My Father, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

H. W. BAKER.

885

6s.

- W**HEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
- 2 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the quire,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
- 3 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
- 4 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
- 5 In heaven's eternal bliss,
The loveliest strain is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
- 6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

GERMAN HYMN, trans. E. CASWALL.

886

EVENING WORSHIP.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

64.66.

- 2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;
- 3 So now herself, my soul,
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;—
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,
- 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine;
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine!

LATIN HYMN, trans. E. CASWALL.

887

PENITENCE.

86.84.

- S**HOW me myself, O holy Lord;
Help me to look within,
I will not turn me from the sight
Of all my sin.
- 2 Just as it is in Thy pure eyes
Would I behold my heart,—
Bring every hidden spot to light,
Nor shrink the smart.
- 3 Not mine, the purity of heart
That shall at last see God;
Not mine, the following in the steps
The Saviour trod:
- 4 Not mine, the life I thought to live
When first I took His name;—
Mine, but the right to weep and grieve
Over my shame!
- 5 Yet, Lord! I thank Thee for the sight
Thou hast vouchsafed to me;
And humbled to the dust I shrink
Closer to Thee:
- 6 Unworthy, faithless as it is,
O let my spirit hide
Its weakness and its penitence
In Thy dear side!
- 7 And if Thy love will not disown
So frail a heart as mine,
Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
But keep it Thine!

American Hymn.

888

CONSECRATION.

S.M. double.

I GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired!
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired.

185

Thou hearts alone wouldst move,
Thou only hearts dost love ;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

- 2 What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine?
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to
take
A human form like mine!
Give Me thy heart, My son :'
Lord, Thou my heart hast won ;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !
- 3 Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest
In Thee, the riven Rock :
My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found :
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

LATIN HYMN, *trans.* RAY PALMER. *

889

78. **T**AKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee!
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold :
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store :
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all, for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

890

8. M. **D**EAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see !
My Conqueror ! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee !
- 2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands—
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.
- 3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind :
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.
- 4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God ;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

186

- 5 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true !
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through !

T. H. GILL.

TRUST IN GOD.

891

- C. M. **A**LL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !
- 2 Enough that blessings' undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;
- 3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;
- 4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;
- 5 That care and trial seem at last,
'Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges over-past,
In purple distance fair ;
- 6 That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm ;
- 7 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

892

- C. M. **I** WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God !
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.
- 2 I have no cares, O blessed Will !
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 3 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.
- 4 And when it seems no chance or
change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on Thee.
- 5 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.
- 6 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will ! ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim-sons behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE.

7 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

8 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet Will!

F. W. FABER.

893

8.8.8.4.

IN darkest hours I hear a voice,
Which comes my saddened heart to
cheer,
Saying in tones of love,—'Rejoice!
Jesus is near!'

2 In times of trial and dismay,
Through the dark gloom of doubt and
fear,
There breaks a light, like dawning
day,—
'Jesus is near!'

3 When years autumnal tokens bring,
And fading hopes seem dry and sear,
Then bursts a bloom, like second spring,—
'Jesus is near!'

4 Thus, when at length the veil shall rise,
Will my enfranchised spirit hear,
From angel-voices through the skies,—
'Jesus is near!'

5 Not far away, but close at hand,
A constant Friend, most true and dear;
Gladly I follow Heaven's command
With 'Jesus near!'

R. C. WATERSTON.

894

C.M.

LORD, when in silent hours I muse
Upon myself and Thee,
I seem to hear the stream of life
That runs invisibly.

2 Then know I what I oft forget,
How fleeting are my days;
Remember me, my God, nor let
My end be my dispraise!

3 O think upon me for my good,
Though little good I do;
My hope and my forgiving Friend
Thou hast been hitherto.

4 And I would live in such a course,
That men to me may say,
'O whence hast thou thy joy and force?
What is thy secret stay?'

5 My joy, when truest joy I have,
It comes to me from heaven;
My strength, when I from weakness rise,
Is by Thy Spirit given.

6 And while He shines as He has shone,
Whom Thou hast made my stay,
Life can but gently float me on,
Not hurry me away.

T. T. LYNCH.

FOR A TIME OF SORROW.

895

C.M. double.

I HOPED that with the brave and
strong,
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high:
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well:
I said so with my breaking heart,
When first this trouble fell.

2 These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-
tossed,—

Can I but turn to Thee:
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

3 If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the
strife,

More apt to lean on Thee:
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thou should I keep my vow:
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
O let me serve Thee now!

A. BRONTË.

896

S.M.

I GIVE myself to prayer;
Lord, give Thyself to me,
And let the time of my request,
Thy time of answer be.

2 My thoughts are like the reeds,
And tremble as they grow,
In the sad current of a life
That darkly runs and slow.

3 I am as if asleep,
Yet conscious that I dream;
Like one who vainly strives to wake
And free himself, I seem.

4 The loud distressful cry
With which I call on Thee
Shall wake me, Lord, to find that Thou
Canst give me liberty.

5 I give myself to prayer:
Lord, give Thyself to me;
And in the time of my distress,
O haste and succour me!

6 Then be my heart, my world,
Rehallowed unto Thee,
And Thy pervading glory, Lord,
O let me feel and see!

T. T. LYNCH.

897

8.8.8.4.

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on Thee,
Thou art my Rest.

HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak ;
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way ;
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
O shed Thou forth some cheering ray ;
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee ; my terrors cease ;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink ;
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply
E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

C. ELLIOTT.

898

C.M. double.

O DEEM not that earth's crowning
bliss

Is found in joy alone ;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own ;
From lips Divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
'Blessed are they that mourn !'

2 As blossoms smitten by the rain,
Their sweetest odours yield ;
As where the ploughshare deepest
strikes,

Rich harvests crown the field ;—
So to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
A nobler faith succeeds ;
A life, by trial furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

3 Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals ;
The sympathies that humanise,
The tenderness that heals ;
The power to look within the veil,
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before.

4 How rich, and sweet, and full of
strength,

Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanonities
Of suffering and of prayer !
Supernal wisdom, love Divine,
Breathed through the lips which said—
*'O blessed are the souls that mourn,
They shall be comforted.'*

W. H. BURLEIGH.

899

78.

RISE! He calleth thee, arise!
Come, O sorrow-blinded man ;
He who lighted first the eyes,
Only He relight them can.

2 Come, and see the face of One
Who familiar was with grief ;

188

Now it shineth as the sun ;
In His smile is thy relief.

3 'Rise! He calleth thee, arise!
Prisoner of an inward night ;
Sin destroyeth earth and skies,
If it quench the Fount of Light.

4 Come, of daybreak 'tis the hour
When thou seest Christ the Lord ;
See Him, and regain the power
Both to look and walk abroad.

T. T. LYNCH.

900

R.M.

SAY not, O wounded heart,
Thy love can find no home ;
Behold the Bridgroom of thy soul,
And hear Him whisper, 'Come!'

2 No falsehood dwells in Him,
His heart no change hath known ;
The faith which rests upon His word,
Makes all His love its own.

3 With watchful love He waits
To welcome to His breast
Each wanderer who, with weary feet,
Would seek His perfect rest.

4 The sighs of Penitence
He hears, and counts her tears ;
And when she leans upon His breast,
Forgives the sins of years.

5 Turn then, O soul, and live!
In Christ's own heart find peace ;
Now let assurance of His love
Bid all thy conflicts cease.

W. P. BALFERN.

901

11.10.11.6.

STILL will we trust, though earth
seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chas-
tening rod,
Though rough and steep our pathway,
worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God!

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief
and pain ;
Through Him alone who hath our way
appointed
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak
preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast
designed :
Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is
unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 So from our sky the night shall furl her
shadows,
And day pour gladness through his
golden gates ;
Our rough path lead to flower-enamelled
meadows,
Where joy our coming waits.

HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE.

- 5 Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from
the loss;
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of
trial;
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

902

8.6.

- SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
My Heavenly Friend, to me.
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with Thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.
- 2 Though from the shadow of Thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away;
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath Thee may.
- 3 O there is nothing in the world
To weigh against Thy will;
E'en the dark times I dread the most,
Thy covenant fulfil;
And when the pleasant morning dawns,
I find Thee with me still.
- 4 Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Though through a waste and weary
land
My lonely way be nade,
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—
I need not be afraid.
- 5 Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of Thy love
My heart is satisfied;
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at Thy side.

A. L. WARING.

DETAINED FROM PUBLIC
WORSHIP.

903

C.M.

- O JESUS CHRIST, the Holy One,
I long to be with Thee;
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
Come and abide with me!
- 2 Now, while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met;
- 3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine;
And feed me, in this solemn hour,
With Thine own bread and wine.
- 4 My 'meat indeed,' my 'drink indeed,'
Art Thou, my gracious Lord;
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this, Thy precious word;

- 5 Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
Forgets the things Thou hast denied,
In those Thou dost impart.

MRS. SAXBY.

904

C.M.

- THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts, this
day
Around Thine altar meet!
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.
- 2 They see Thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too:
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.
- 3 They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays:
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.
- 4 For Thou art in their midst to teach,
When on Thy name they call:
And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.
- 5 I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee;
O hast Thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me?
- 6 The dew lies thick on all the ground;
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around;
Shall I of hunger die?
- 7 Behold Thy prisoner:—loose my bands,
If 'tis Thy gracious will:
If not,—contented in Thy hands,
Behold Thy prisoner still!
- 8 I may not to Thy courts repair:
Yet here Thou surely art:
Lord! consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.
- 9 To faith reveal the things unseen;
To hope, the joys untold:
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.
- 10 O make Thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease!
Lift up Thy countenance benign
On me,—and give me peace.

J. MONTGOMERY.

IN SICKNESS.

905

7.7.7.6

- WHEN all outward comfort flies,
And my heart within me dies,
Hear, O hear my trembling sighs:
Help me, O my Saviour!
- 2 When the day brings pain and grief,
Night, nor respite nor relief,
Whisper,— 'These dark hours are
brief';
Help me, O my Saviour!

HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE.

- 3 When all human help proves vain,
And my agonizing pain
More than nature can sustain :
Help me, O my Saviour!
- 4 When the means for pain's redress
Seem to aggravate distress,
Then draw near—my faith increase :
Help me, O my Saviour!
- 5 When the long and suffering night
Makes me weary for the light,
Fix upon Thy cross my sight :
Help me, O my Saviour
- 6 Lest I faint beneath the rod,
Say—'This very path I trod ;
Thus thou glorifiest God :'
Help me, O my Saviour!
- 7 Let me not on man depend,
But on Thee, the unfailing Friend :
Be Thou near me to the end :
Help me, O my Saviour!

C. ELLIOTT.

906

8.8.8.4.

LEANING on Thee, my Guide, my
Friend,
My gracious Saviour! I am blest ;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

2 Leaning on Thee, this darkened room
Is cheered by a celestial ray ;
Thy pitying smile dispels the gloom—
Turns night to day.

3 Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with
heat ;
Thy will has now become my own,—
Thy will is sweet.

4 Leaning on Thee, 'midst torturing pain,
With patience Thou my soul dost fill ;
Thou whisperest, 'What did I sustain ?'
Then I am still.

5 Leaning on Thee, I do not dread
The havoc slow disease may make ;
Thou, who for me Thy blood hast shed,
Wilt ne'er forsake.

6 Leaning on Thee, though faint and
weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
'Be of good cheer!'

7 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms ;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink ;
I feel the 'everlasting arms,'
I cannot sink.

C. ELLIOTT.

907

11.10.11.10.

ONE touch from Thee—the Healer of
diseases,—
One little touch would make our
brother whole ;
And yet Thou comest not ;—O blessed
Jesus !
Send a swift answer to our waiting
soul.

190

2 Full many a message have we sent, and
pleaded

That Thou wouldst haste Thy com-
ing, gracious Lord ;

Each message was received and heard
and heeded,

And yet we welcome no responsive
word.

3 We know that Thou art blessing,
whilst withholding :

We know that Thou art near us,
though apart ;

And though we list no answer, Thou
art folding

Our poor petitions to Thy smitten
heart.

4 A bright and glorious answer is prepar-
ing,

Hid in the heights of love—the depths
of grace ;

We know that Thou, the Risen, still
art bearing

Our cause as Thine, within the Holy
Place.

5 And so we trust our pleadings to Thy
keeping ;

So at Thy feet we lay our burden
down,

Content to bear the earthly cross with
weeping,

Till at Thy feet we cast the heavenly
crown.

J. CREWDSON.

BEREAVEMENT.

908

8.6.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path that reaches heaven.

2 Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

3 Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

4 Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

J. G. WHITTIER.

AWAITING THE LAST CALL.

909

10.10.6.6.10.10.

ALONE! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen
before ;

Things of a different hue,
And sounds all strange and new,

HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE.

- No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—
But to begin alone that mighty change!
- 2 Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more;
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand—
But to arrive alone in such a land!
- 3 Alone? no! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home:
O is He not the life-long Friend we know
More privately than any friend below?
- 4 Alone? the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife:—
O we shall trust Him more in that new life!
- 5 So not alone we land upon that shore:
'Twill be as though we had been there before:
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,—
Our home at once with the Eternal Love!

F. W. FABER.*

910

88.

- AT evening time—when day is done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose:
To crown my faith before the night,—
At evening time let there be light!
- 2 At evening time—when labour's past;—
Though storms and toils have marred
my day,
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way;
Now let the parting hour be bright,—
At evening time let there be light!
- 3 God doth send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings flee;
I trust His promises sublime!
His glory now is risen on me!
His full salvation is in sight,—
At evening time, there now is light.

G. RAWSON.

911

86.886.

- HOW pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Like the bright slanting west,
Thou leadest down into the glow,

- Where all those heaven-bound sunsets
go,
Ever from toil to rest.
- 2 How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Thither where sorrows cease,
To a new life, to an old past,
Softly and silently we haste,
Into a land of peace.
- 3 How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
E'en children after play
Lie down, without the least alarm,
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,
Their little life away.
- 4 How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
The old, the very old
Smile when their slumbrous eye grows dim,
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb;
Their age was not less cold.
- 5 How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Straight to our Father's home;
All loss were gain that gained us this,—
The sight of God, that single bliss
Of the grand world to come.
- 6 How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Ever from toil to rest;—
A rim of sea-like splendour runs
Where days bury their golden suns
In the dear hopeful west!

F. W. FABER.

912

76.

- I'M kneeling at the threshold,
A-weary, faint, and sore;
I'm waiting for the dawning,
For the opening of the door;
I'm waiting till the Master
Shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence,
The gladness of His home
- 2 A weary path I've travelled,
Mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Many a burden bearing,
Contending for my life;
But now the morn is breaking;
My toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold,
My hand is on the door.
- 3 Methinks I hear the voices
Of the blessed as they stand,
Sweet singing in the sunshine
Of that unclouded land:
O would that I were with them,
Amid the shining throng,
Uniting in their worship,
Rejoicing in their song!
- 4 The friends that started with me
Have entered long ago,
Ah! one by one they left me,
To struggle with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter,
Their triumph sooner won:
How lovingly they'll hail me,
When once my work is done!

191

- 5 With them the blessed angels,
That know nor grief nor sin,
I see them at the portals,
Prepared to let me in:
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary:
My Father, bid me rest.

W. T. ALEXANDER.

913

8s.

MY Saviour! whom absent I love;
Whom not having seen I adore,
Thy name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

- 2 Ere long shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
I shall see Whom unseen I adored.
- 3 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 4 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They'll be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 5 The stroke which from sin and from
pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will strengthen and rivet the chain,
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

COWPER.

914

8.8.8.6.

O SAVIOUR! I have naught to plead,
In earth beneath, or heaven above;
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

- 2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great—but quickly o'er;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

J. CREWDSON.

915

7.6.

SLOWLY, slowly darkening,
The evening hours roll on;
And soon behind the cloud-land
Will sink my setting sun.

- 2 Around my path life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.
- 3 But there's a voice above me
Which says, 'Wait, trust, and pray':
The night will soon be over,
And light will come with day.'
- 4 *Father! the light and darkness
Are both alike to Thee;
Then to Thy waiting servant,
Alike they both shall be.*

502

- 5 The great unending future,
I cannot pierce its shroud;
Yet nothing doubt, nor tremble,
God's bow is on the cloud.

- 6 To Him I yield my spirit;
On Him I lay my load:
Fear ends with death; beyond it
I nothing see but God.

- 7 Thus moving toward the darkness
I calmly wait His call,
Now seeing, fearing—nothing;
But hoping, trusting—all!

S. GREG.

916

7.6.

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 2 The King there, in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 O Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 4 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

- 5 With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were husted with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 6 O! I am my Belovèd's,
And my Belovèd's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His 'house of wine';
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 7 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;

HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE.

I will not gaze at glory,
But on my Kin of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand;—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

MRS. COUSIN.

917

P.M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away.'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes; it disappears:
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;
'O Grave, where is thy victory?
'O Death, where is thy sting?'

POPE.

918

11. 10. 11. 10.

'WE would see Jesus:'—for the shadows lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life:
'We would see Jesus,' our weak faith
to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final
strife.

- 2 'We would see Jesus:'—for life's hand
hath rested,
With its dark touch, upon both heart
and brow;
And though our souls have many a
billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

- 3 'We would see Jesus:'—the great rock
foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign
grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agi-
tation,
Can thence remove us if we see His
face.

- 4 'We would see Jesus:'—other lights are
paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced
to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are
failing,
We would not mourn them, for we
go to Thee.

- 5 'We would see Jesus:'—yet the spirit
lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved
so long,

And earth from earth can scarce unclasp
its fingers,—
Our love to Thee makes not this love
less strong.

- 6 'We would see Jesus:'—sense is all too
blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far
away;
We would see Thee, to gain a sweet
reminding
That Thou hast promised our great
debt to pay.

- 7 'We would see Jesus:' this is all we're
needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come
with the sight:
'We would see Jesus,' dying, risen,
pleading;—
Then welcome day, and farewell mor-
tal night!

Christian Treasury, 1854.

919

L.M.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either
hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

- 2 Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own!

- 4 That blessed interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at His feet;
Raised in His arms to view His face,
Through the full beamings of His
grace!

- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
A present Saviour's high commands!

- 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait Thy signal for my fight;
For, while Thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

DODDRIDGE.

CONCLUDING HYMN TO CHRIST.

920

6.6.8.6.10.12.

O MASTER, at Thy feet
I bow in rapture sweet!
Before me, as in darkening glass,
Some glorious outlines pass,
Of love, and truth, and holiness, and
power;

I own them Thine, O Christ, and bless
Thee for this hour.

HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE.

- 2 O full of truth and grace,
Smile of Jehovah's face!
O tenderest heart of love untold!
Who may Thy praise unfold?
Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and King
of kings,
Well may adoring seraphs hymn with
veiling wings.
- 3 I have no words to bring
Worthy of Thee, my King,
And yet one anthem in Thy praise
I long, I long to raise;
The heart is full, the eye entranced
above.
But words all melt away in silent awe
and love.

- 4 How can the lip be dumb,
The hand all still and numb,
When Thee the heart doth see and
own
Her Lord and God alone?
Tune for Thyself the music of my days,
And 'open Thou my lips that I may
show Thy praise.'
- 5 Yea, let my whole life be
One anthem unto Thee,
And let the praise of lip and life
Outring all sin and strife.
O Jesus, Master! be Thy name supreme,
For heaven and earth the one, the
grand, eternal theme.

F. B. HAVERGAL.

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